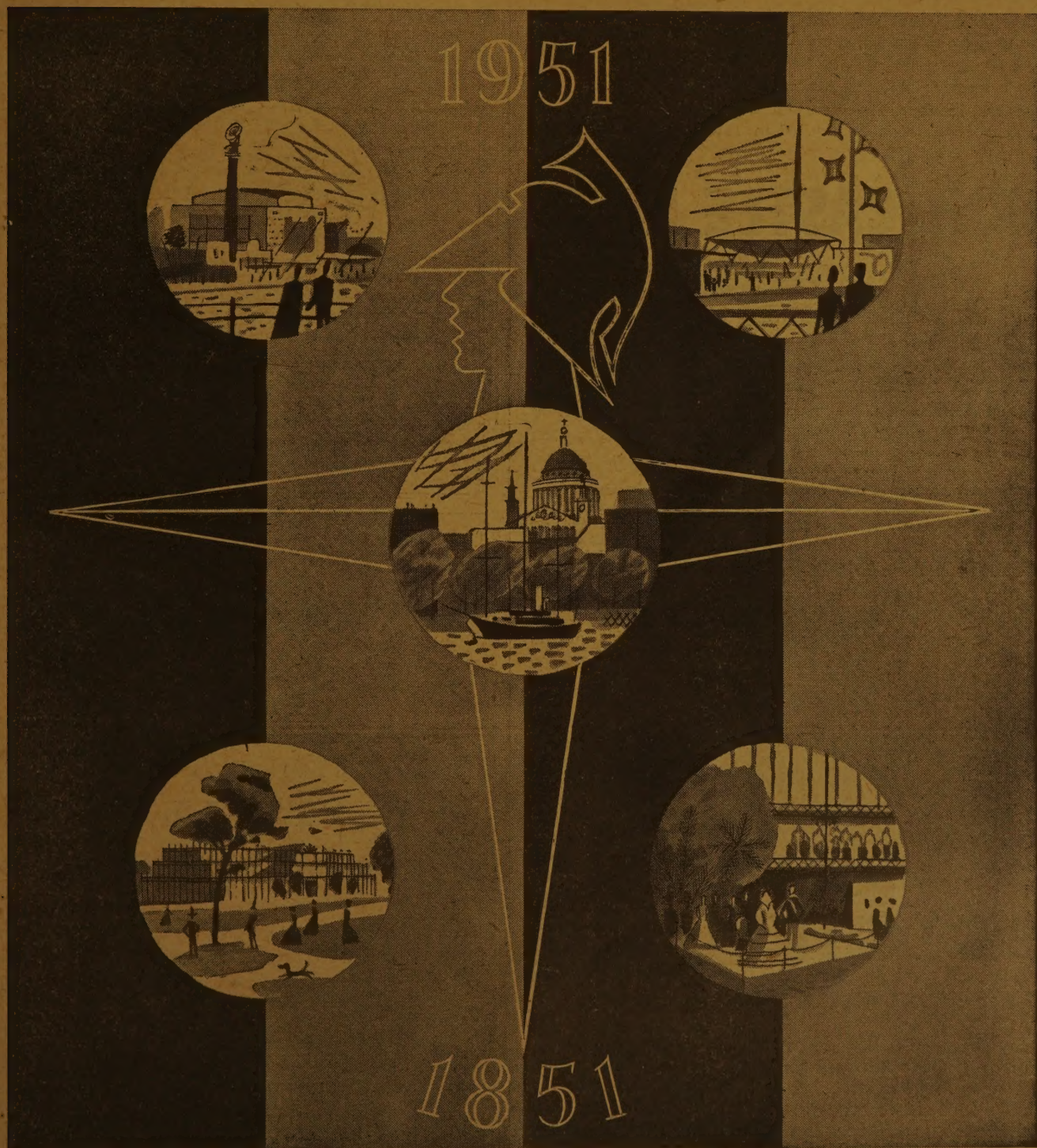


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



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Agriculture and the Festival of Britain

By P. B. COLLINS

MANY people may still be wondering what the Festival of Britain is all about. What does it stand for and what are we trying to tell people? Broadly speaking, the Festival sets out to celebrate Britain's contributions to civilisation, mainly through science and its applications, the arts, and industry. Agriculture, which may claim to be both a science and an art, is also our oldest and in many ways our greatest industry. It is natural, therefore, that we should pay a good deal of attention to it in the Festival activities. In many parts of the country, for example, local authorities have decided to use their annual agricultural show as their Festival celebration. In Northern Ireland, the official celebration is a 'Farm and Factory' exhibition, while in Wales an even more permanent celebration has taken as its theme the improvement of a group of typical Welsh hill farms. In England we have concentrated on agriculture in the display included in London's South Bank Exhibition. This display, which covers some 26,000 square feet of floor space, or over half an acre, is greater than that devoted to any other single industry. It is housed in the Country Pavilion, which is the first major building near the main entrance.

Just before the Country Pavilion, however, are two smaller sections, one dealing with the geology of our island, the other with those areas where nature still holds her own. The Natural Scene, as this latter section is called, is concerned with natural history, and

it winds round a spiral ramp, with a great tree in the middle. Actually therefore on entering the Country Pavilion itself, visitors will be on first floor level. From now on they move round in one direction, and the whole display is a sort of pictorial story. It starts with a series of models, showing how one stretch of country might have looked at different times in our farming history. From the period of 500 B.C., the exhibit passes through Medieval and Tudor times to the age of the 'Great Improvers', the real founders of modern agriculture. These were the yeoman farmers of the eighteenth century, whose work as breeders of farm stock gave us the reputation, which we still have, of being 'the stud farm of the world'. Next, a hundred years later, farming is shown suffering its greatest depression, and this is succeeded in its turn by the fully mechanised, scientific farming of today.

Our agriculture is actually governed by the nature of the land itself, by the soil and the climate over which we have no control. The effects of some of these natural conditions can be seen in the next display. For example, the mild, wet climate of the west has allowed us to stock the hills of Wales with sheep and cattle; in East Anglia, dry light soils and low rainfall are ideal for corn and root crops, while the climate and soil of Kent make it the Garden of England. These things try to show why Britain has, for its size, the most varied farming in the world.

Next comes the main core of the agricultural section. It is

contained in a long gallery, in which the theme of the diversity of our farming is developed. On one side, a wall-hanging brilliantly coloured illustrates seven different types of farms. There are the hill farms of Scotland and Wales, the farm of a Midland grazier, and the dairy farms of Cheshire. In Northern Ireland, the close-knit family holding is the typical unit, a vivid contrast to the rolling acres of the Yorkshire grain belt. Arable farming in the Fens and the familiar pattern of fruit and hops in Kent complete this picture. Although the artist has simplified the details, every one of these designs is based on an actual farm, details of which have been accurately recorded.



Hill farming in Scotland: a panel from a mural by Michael O'Connell in the Country Pavilion at the South Bank Festival

The various products of our farms are displayed in glass showcases all down the centre of this gallery. Hides and fleeces represent the livestock farms, followed by a big display of cheeses. Since the days of rationing, most of us have forgotten what these local cheeses look like; Cheshire and Wensleydale, Derby and Leicester and Double Gloucester are only names to many of us, but in one of the restaurants on the South Bank visitors will be able to sample these cheeses for themselves with a lunch-time glass of beer. Eggs and poultry and cereals fill the next two showcases; others have fruit and vegetables, and flowers, fresh from the country week by week throughout the season.

Then comes a section devoted to other aspects of life in the country. There are paintings of a village cricket match and a Young Farmers' Club Rally, and a big mural decoration illustrating the activities of Women's Institutes. Around the walls, too, are displays of rural crafts—weaving and thatching, saddlery and basket- and hurdle-making—with the unfamiliar tools used by these craftsmen.

No exhibition of agriculture would be complete without livestock, and the livestock section, down a broad flight of stairs, starts with poultry. A brooder with young chicks and a modern laying battery, fully stocked, remind one that this is the most highly mechanised of all animal industries. In displaying our farm stock, we were anxious that as many of our breeds as possible should be on view during the exhibition. But space is strictly limited, so we decided to show each breed for one separate week. In this way, almost every breed will be shown at least once, and this applies equally to goats, pigs, sheep, horses and beef and dairy cattle. Thanks to the co-operation of the breed societies and of individual breeders, these are all pedigree stock and many are actual prize-winners at the Royal, Smithfield and other shows.

We are also more than usually proud of this section, because for two separate weeks we are showing stock lent specially by His Majesty the King. One week we have Beef Shorthorns from his herd at Windsor; for another, three of the Cleveland Bay horses from the Royal Mews will occupy the horse box. These are the fine horses already familiar to millions of Londoners, who see them drawing the royal carriage in processions. The livestock section ends with the dairy cattle, and then the visitors pass, logically enough, to a display of dairy equipment. This ends with a cartoning machine, the filled cartons from which are sold, on the spot, at our own milk bar. Milk straight from the

cow to the consumer is thus shown in all its stages.

Another short flight of steps takes one to ground floor level, and to the agricultural machinery. Here again, we have tried to emphasise a peculiarly British achievement—the development of the medium-sized tractor with its group of associated implements. Four such tractors and some twenty other machines are shown here, and this section ends with a working blacksmith's shop.

The last part of the Country Pavilion deals with something which might be thought to have nothing to do with agriculture. This is forestry, and here we have tried to show what it means to Britain as a whole. Eight models explain, in various ways, what happens when forestry plays its proper part in the life of a country. In the mountains of North Wales, for example, the forests are on the steep slopes, leaving the farms in the valleys, and with sheep runs, and room for recreation on the hill tops. In the Cheviot hills, a new village, built for forest workers, will also provide a new communal centre for the people of the lonely hill farms, who up till now have been ten miles from the nearest public house, and twenty miles from a cinema. Finally, these trees from our growing forests will make pit props for the coal mines, building timber for new houses and wood pulp for newspapers. Timber is thus a raw material, and as the next pavilion in this exhibition deals with the story of our other raw materials, it is a suitable point at which to finish. But one more exhibit remains. This is a sculpture of a gigantic pair of hands, holding between their fingers a bunch of ears of wheat. It reminds us that, whoever and wherever we are, in mechanised Britain or in some distant colony, we depend in the end on one trade and on the men who practise it. That trade is agriculture and the men are the farmers themselves. To them, if we were asked, we would say that this pavilion is dedicated.—*Home Service*

A Trip Back to 1851

A. P. RYAN on the Third Programme's experiment in broadcasting

ANY return to the past, whether it be attempted by radio or the stage or the printed word, demands an effort of intellectual imagination from the traveller. Producer, dramatist or historian can give him facts, opinions and atmosphere, but these will only carry him half way. The last and most rewarding stage of the journey involves him in a personal struggle against his own indolence and, above all, against his preconceived ideas of what the period he is exploring would have been like to live in. 1851 is an especially hard year to relive, because illusion still hangs like a curtain between us and a realist understanding of the early Victorians. Believers in our welfare state explore the nineteenth century for proofs that the lot of the poor was then harsh, that social conscience was stifled by privilege and vested interests and that thought on economic and aesthetic subjects was timid and conventional. Escapists, who find material life, today, no less than the life of the spirit, regimented and increasingly barbarian look back with envy to an age in which enterprise brought reward, state interference was kept under control and the rise of the masses had not yet vulgarised culture and manners.

It is fatal to go back into 1851 wearing the blinkers of our contemporary prejudices. Queen Victoria is as dead as Queen Anne and, to pass a fair judgment on her subjects, we must begin by treating them as complete strangers. Otherwise, we shall find them impressive or figures of fun, manfully self-confident or absurdly self-opinionated, according to the point of view from which we approach them. They will be puppets of our own invention and not human beings shaped by the environment into which they had been born. The Third Programme, in its honest and well executed experiment, presented the year of the Great Exhibition as a slice of time that, for those who were alive in it, seemed natural and, indeed, inevitable. As I listened to some of the programmes and read the texts of many more, I felt increasingly grateful to those who had planned and carried out this exercise in the difficult art of setting back the clock. Evidence was offered to us on which we can base an appreciation of the British way of life a hundred years ago. A listener who came away without having been stimulated to think afresh would have been either a specialist in the period to start with or too steeped in unhistoric preconceptions to be introduced profitably to the past.

Invitation to reassess early Victorian values must have reached some people first from the broadcasts of Kingsley



Contemporary drawings from Mayhew's *The Street Trader's Lot, London: 1851*. Above: the street dog-seller. Below: grease-removing composition sellers

Reprinted by the Sylvan Press



and Newman. The light shed by these two, from their opposite angles, on the religion of their day is a kindly one. Kingsley in his sermon shows that humility and sensitiveness towards bad conditions in hospitals and for workers were given deeply felt expression from the pulpit. Nothing could be more remote from the caricature of a pompous, long-winded, dull preacher than that glimpse of Kingsley at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Nor, following Newman through his intricately and exquisitely constructed sentences as he pleaded for tolerance towards Roman Catholicism, could anyone continue to regard religious controversy as a dead subject. Religion was at the core of the intellectual life of these Victorians and it gave them a zest that nothing else can for enquiry. From the filigree prose of Newman to the broad strokes of Mr. Punch's pencil is a wide gap, but the average thinking Victorian bridged it.

Mr. Punch of 1851 was in the lusty, hard-hitting stage of youth and he presented his readers with sleek, shifty priests in a style that, today, looks bad mannered. That this delighted large sections of the Protestant public is one symptom of their lively concern with religion. Science was beginning to insinuate its doubts. Literal interpretation of the Old Testament was being seen to bristle with awkward questions. Dogma, left for long to slumber between the pages of the prayer books, was being examined with awakened curiosity. All this made church-going an adventure. The conception of reluctant families shepherded unwillingly up the aisles, two or three times every Sunday, is quite out of period. The poor in the cities were often untouched by the churches, but congregations were composed of people who went to enjoy a social occasion and to face the spiritual facts of existence.

A sceptical age must find difficulty in grasping this point. The placid queues waiting on a modern Sunday for the cinemas to open are composed mainly of people who, so far as they have thought about it at all, pity their sabbatarian ancestors. The truth is that those ancestors got far more stimulus—and far more fun—from sermons than is now given by films. There was, of course, a deeper and, it may be argued, a more sinister side to this absorption in religion. Doubts were dreadful

things in 1851. They could lead to worldly as well as to eternal disaster. Men and women took stock fearfully of the state of their consciences and suffered emotional torture when they discovered in themselves the seeds of scepticism on this or that article of faith. Before condemning them or indulging in laughter—that most vulgar of all errors in judging the past—it is wise to remember that every age worries itself mentally about something. The vacuum left for so many people by the absence of faith is filled by other doubts and fears and a theologian might well say that the new devil is worse than the old.

The Place of Women

I have laid stress on the pleasures and pains of early Victorian religion because they are so remote and, therefore, so generally regarded as a fog over the age instead of what, in fact, they were, a bright and, sometimes, a scorching sunshine. The Victorian conception of the home and of the place of women in it is scarcely less exposed to misrepresentation. Here, too, the Third Programme in, among others, its broadcasts of Mr. and Mrs. John Stuart Mill and Florence Nightingale supplied a correction. Careers for women were not yet open and Mr. Barrett still had more authority over his household than was good for any man. At the same time children—and their mothers, if they were not, as too many of them were, ground down by poverty—enjoyed a fuller communal life (to use a favourite adjective of our day) than has since become possible. Parental authority was stern without necessarily or commonly being harsh and, had it not been so, the family would have been a bear garden. One child cooped up in a flat or a 'prefab' with its parents must share their routine far more than a dozen children could that of the adults in an 1851 house. A modern child, pitched into that unruly world, might feel that it had been thrown to the wolves. The wolves, if they could return from their vanished nurseries, would wilt with boredom in the cramped loneliness of a 1951 household. Their mothers, denied the scope given them by cradles and store cupboards, would feel themselves mistresses of a sadly diminished heritage.

Size of families must be taken with another factor, also brought out by these broadcasts, in appreciating that far-away social life. People decayed and died with little to hope for from the doctors and dentists. By middle age only the unusually healthy had a full mouth of their own teeth or had escaped going through bouts of prolonged pain and occasional expectations of premature death. Such experiences, unpleasant though they were, must often have led to a quickening of mental and spiritual appreciation. Suffering and the sight of suffering were more familiar than they are today and this fact must be set against the tendency to look down on the Victorians as sheltered, genteel folk.

The little girl in the country, however comfortably placed, might strike us as demure, but she probably knew more than her great granddaughter does about the 'facts of life'. Even her town cousin was more likely than she would be in 1951 to have come in contact with sudden death and to have been moved by the spectacle of wasting illness among those she loved. When, moreover, she went about the streets, her custodians, zealous though they were to protect her from the seamy side of life, could not hide signs of bitter poverty and drunkenness. So, before she passed her teens, this *jeune fille* knew more than she is credited with knowing and, after experience of child-birth and miscarriage, it is absurd to paint her as a matron who gathered up her skirts and screamed at the sight of a mouse.

If a time machine suddenly carried us back into her world—and that of her brothers who took thrashing and bullying as being all in the day's round—our immediate reaction would be the one conveyed by the Mayhew broadcast. We should be struck and distressed by the visible contrasts between poor and rich. The urchins begging outside the popular theatres for half-time tickets that they sold for a penny or a halfpenny, according to the lateness of the hour, were typical of the sharpness of poverty. Money went much further, of course. Oysters off the barrows were four a penny and a farthing was a hard-working coin of the realm. Still, an unceasing week of toil left thousands undernourished and in rags and hovels—or sleeping under the arches. Voices from 1851, heard on the air last week, protested against this social injustice, but we should, as visitors to the year, be almost as much in revolt against the average reaction of comfortable people as against the evil itself.

We should have, in judging the stress laid on poverty being a by-product of idleness or lack of thrift, to be aware that the early Victorians were still in the process of catching up with the con-

sequences of the Industrial Revolution. The two generations preceding them had witnessed the decay of rural Britain with its feudal system and the growth of unplanned cities and factories. It remained in 1851 an effort of imagination for a rich or even a comfortable man to realise how far the victims of poverty were innocent. A series of Acts passed in the 'forties had begun to break down the chaos of free-for-all which had marred the earlier years of the century. But, as the Herbert Spencer broadcast pointedly brought out, suspicion of state control was still at its height. When it has been agreed to put the sick under the care of public officials, he warns his readers, consistency will, of course, demand the adoption of a system of government funerals.

We should, as we moved among our ancestors, get involved in fierce arguments on such points and debate would by no means be one-sided. The mildest exposition of modern tory doctrine would shock them almost as much as it would to learn that those two obscure foreign refugees, Marx and Engels (whose correspondence was a significant feature of the broadcasts) were destined to make history in a bigger way than, perhaps, any of their contemporaries. Men and women of 1851, hearing of our welfare state, our efforts to avoid punishment in favour of giving the criminal a new deal, and our penal taxation with its devastating effect on thrift and initiative would hold up their hands in horror. Listening to a brief programme—an 1851 version of Children's Hour—I was struck by the confidence of the Victorians in the righteousness of discipline. Here again, the loudest grumbler today against the collapse of the spare-the-rod-spoil-the-child theory of education would soon be quarrelling with his ancestors.

Indeed, quarrelling, at least to start with, might well be our main activity as we met all classes in that strange society. We should be less likely to behave in a good-tempered way because, physically, life would seem so disagreeable. Half an hour's walk through London would pause us with smells and deafen with the noise of traffic rattling over bad roads. Clothes would half choke and weigh us down; the ordinary living room would seem so overcrowded with furniture, pictures and knick-knacks that we should want to behave like bulls in a china shop and smash the junk. We should want this all the more because we should find most of it ugly. London in 1851 still had innumerable cesspools. Burial in the rank city graveyards was still allowed. Anyone could open a slaughter house anywhere, and slaughtering went on within a stone's throw of the Strand. The fact that goloshes had just come in would not compensate most people for a lack of cigarettes, which were about the only good thing (unless you count beards) that came out of the Crimean war. Our first instinct might be to emigrate to the gold diggings in California, or the ones just being started in Australia.

Compensation for Unpleasantnesses

There were compensations. A short walk from the centre of town brought you into lovely, unspoilt country. The jerry builders, busy as beavers, were at work, but the full horrors of their unrestrained activities had not yet been unfolded. Food, for those who could afford it—and they needed very little money to do so—was delicious and plentiful, and so was drink. Crowds would fascinate by their contrasts. There were signs unfamiliar to us, among the more prosperous, of overeating and overdrinking—paunches and red noses. There were signs equally unfamiliar—of starvation and disease. Many children went bare-footed. Vitality at all levels was more marked. We should miss with relief the sheep-like listlessness of our modern crowds.

Intellectual life was keen. Newspapers, unreadable though they look owing to small type and no attempt at efficient lay-out, were full of high spirits, good sense and good writing. As we look through them, we should be intrigued by the advertisements. New, fast sailing ships (there were some steamers) are offered to take you to Bombay. They are teak built, but often no more than a few hundred tons. An officer of the Twelfth Lancers, who sailed with his regiment to the Cape in a ship of 700 tons, wrote 'Cut a walnut in two, and you have her line exactly'. He sailed in July and reached Table Bay in October. Then there are all sorts of fascinating and mysterious horse vehicles offered for sale. Double broughams, cab phaetons, 'superior modern built' britzskas, Clarences with double harness. Offers of houses and apartments with service would make our mouths water.

Race hatred in its ghastly recent shape had not yet arisen. Vulgar jokes were made about Jews, but, as Disraeli's rhetorical broadcast illustrates, the poison, on which Hitler and others fed, was unknown. Art was conventional without being nearly as smug and uncritical as

is sometimes alleged. Ruskin's broadcast on the Pre-Raphaelites is a reminder that, while the lay public and the professional critics talked the same language more fluently than they do today, there was encouragement for the experimental. Poetry and fiction were splendidly creative. Our ill-temper would melt in awe and excitement as we realised that we were walking the earth with Browning and Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray, and a score of other giants. Dickens might shock a traveller from today who expected to find him in full sympathy with the ideas of our left-wing opinions. His broadcast on strikes is a corrective to the view that warm-hearted reformers of his school would go all the way with some of us over standing up for the underdog.

We should seek him and other men of letters out in preference to the statesmen. Politics with the whigs in the saddle required close daily attention (which the upper and middle classes gave it) to be made exciting or even intelligible. The drama of the Corn Laws had ended, and the duel between Disraeli and Gladstone not begun. My own first call at Westminster would be to see Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, who in 1851 was riding to his fall over Louis-Napoleon's *coup d'état*. Many politicians would have told us that the old boy

was finished then, but he had ahead more than ten years and a spell as Prime Minister. He was to outlive the Prince Consort, to whom he gave such acute offence. Many visitors would want to see the Prince with the Queen and the growing royal nursery. I should, in exploring that side of our history, get hold of an elderly observer. He would have a tale to tell of how Victoria, soon after the first flush of enthusiasm over her succession had faded, became unpopular. The change in public opinion about her in the year or two before 1851 would be worth hearing of from a contemporary.

After such a tour of the past there is only one conclusion with which I have no doubt every open-minded student would agree. The Third Programme had got its period imaginatively into perspective. A returned traveller who, on getting back to today, heard a recording of that week's programmes would, I believe, keep on saying: 'Yes, as far as it goes, that's a fair sample of what I saw and heard on my trip to 1851'. The main things he would miss would be the strangeness of the whole scene and the violence of the contrasts it presented. Those cannot be recreated by any art form. They can only be guessed at in imagination. The early Victorians were nearer to those utterly remote beings, the Elizabethans, than they are to 1951.

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN 1951: DIARY OF EVENTS

The 'official' programme of the Festival of Britain, which opens today, consists of eleven exhibitions and twenty-three arts festivals, in England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland

EXHIBITIONS

May 4-September 30	South Bank Exhibition South Bank Site, London
May 4-September 30	Exhibition of Science Science Museum, South Kensington, London
May 5-September 30	1951 Exhibition of Books Victoria and Albert Museum, London
May 3-September 30	Exhibition of Architecture Lansbury, Poplar, London
May-September	Dolhendre Hillside Farm Scheme Llanuwchllyn, Merionethshire
May 1-October 11	Centenary Exhibition of the Great Exhibition of 1851 Victoria and Albert Museum, London
May 28-August 18	Exhibition of Industrial Power Kelvin Hall, Glasgow
June 1-August 31	Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition Castlereagh, Belfast
June 25-September 15	'Living Traditions': Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Crafts, Edinburgh

TRAVELLING EXHIBITIONS

The travelling exhibitions will carry miniature versions of the South Bank Exhibition by road and sea to four inland centres and to ten coastal cities
(see pictures on pages 712-3)

Itinerary of Land Traveller:

May 5-26	Manchester
June 23-July 14	Leeds
August 4-25	Birmingham
September 15-October 6	Nottingham

Itinerary of Festival Ship *Campania*:

May 4-14	Southampton
May 18-26	Dundee
May 30-June 16	Newcastle-upon-Tyne
June 20-30	Hull
July 5-14	Plymouth
July 18-28	Bristol
July 31-August 11	Cardiff
August 15-September 1	Belfast
September 5-14	Birkenhead
September 18-October 6	The Clyde, Glasgow

FESTIVALS OF THE ARTS

March 24-October 27	Stratford-upon-Avon: Shakespeare Festival
May 7-June 30	Belfast
May 20-June 2	Bath Assembly
May 27-June 16	Perth
June 3-17	York
June 3-17	Bournemouth and Wessex
June 8-17	Aldeburgh
June 17-30	Inverness
June 18-30	Norwich
June 23-30	Dumfries
July 2-14	Cheltenham: 7th Annual Festival of British Contemporary Music
July 2-16	Oxford
July 3-8	Llangollen: International Musical Eisteddfod
July 10-13	St. David's, Pembrokeshire Festival of Music and Worship
July 16-August 25	Brighton: Regency Festival
July 18-August 10	Canterbury
July 22-August 12	Liverpool
July 30-August 18	Cambridge
July 30-August 13	Aberdeen
August 6-11	Llanrwst, Denbighshire: Royal National Eisteddfod
August 19-September 8	Edinburgh: International Festival of Music and Drama
September 2-7	Worcester: Three Choirs Festival
September 16-29	Swansea

Many other localities are organising their own special Festival celebrations

The Arts of 1851 and 1951

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

THE Festival of Britain is more concerned with art, *per se*, than the Great Exhibition, which was interested, for example, in statues as art-objects which could be reproduced. So in that respect the South Bank and the Crystal Palace are not to be compared. But what of the situation of art in 1851 and 1951? Modernism has a special meaning hardly applicable a hundred years ago. There were not in the same way two art-worlds, if the cleavage began perhaps with the Pre-Raphaelites in England and Courbet in France. Looking back, it may seem remarkable how quickly Pre-Raphaelitism was accepted and absorbed, as a thing of the age. 1851, the year of Turner's death, was the year in which Millais exhibited 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark' and 'The Woodman's Daughter'—both of them were on the line at the Academy, so was 'The Monarch of the Glen' by the new knight Sir Edwin Landseer; it was the year in which Ruskin wrote his celebrated letter to *The Times* in defence and explanation of the P.R.B., and though Millais' exhibits made oldsters such as George Jones, R.A., 'walk about in a state of despondency and distress', they were not ill-received. William Rossetti wrote two years later 'Our position is greatly altered. We have emerged from reckless abuse to a position of general and high recognition'—a sentence half applicable in 1951 to the art of which Henry Moore is representative.

Indeed had they emphasised paintings of the time in the Great Exhibition the new would possibly have accompanied the old, Millais would have been alongside the gentle anecdotism of Webster, or Holman Hunt alongside Landseer's humanised bestiary. That was so by 1855, in the Exposition Universelle in Paris. In the English section beside Mulready and Landseer (who led with nine paintings each), Sidney Cooper, Leslie, Maclise, Stanfield and Webster, the new painters were in force—Millais, Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, Mark Anthony, Charles Collins. It was Millais' 'Order of Release' and the 'Strayed Sheep' by Holman Hunt (both in the Tate) on which Delacroix commented so favourably. In 1857 the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom were collected at Manchester. The 'modern masters' (though *modern*, not yet being exclusive and pejorative, went back to Hogarth) included Hunt, Ford Madox Brown, Collins, Anthony, Wallis, Windus, Martineau and J. C. Hook, now pioneer of a new seaside realism. They were arranged by Augustus Egg,

a convert to the new; and here were also canvases by his own realist group—himself, Dodd and Frith.

You could explain the rapid absorption of such artists into 'official' if not 'popular' art in various ways. You could say, for instance, that it proves the lack among them all of a marked vision; but then you should compare a Maclise with an early Millais, a typical work by any one of them with paintings by the older men still alive and exhibiting. I think the right conclusion is this: socially, painting was much valued as a fine art and the leaders of taste could get their own way without too violent or long-lived controversy. In some ways the Victorianism of the 'fifties suffered less than we think from the backward glance. The Victorians liked their own art, and paid for it liberally. If nothing else a few minutes at Somerset House will confirm this latter fact. Landseer, who died in 1873, left £200,000. Of artists who died in the 'nineties, the extravagant Millais still left £98,204, George Richmond left £84,746, Leighton £68,896, Woolner the Pre-Raphaelite sculptor £65,766, Burne-Jones £53,793. Do not forget, in the superiority of an after-view, that most of these artists—even Landseer, the great idol of the century—were in the highest critical esteem. After Landseer's death and burial in St. Paul's, who should write a monograph on him but the former P.R.B. Frederick Stephens, and whom should he dedicate it to but the connoisseur Henry Wallis, who had painted the 'Death of Chatterton'. Ford Madox Brown left only £2,943, but his want of monetary success was exceptional for a painter of his standing, and cannot be explained entirely by the greater merit of his work.



Left, 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark', by J. E. Millais, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851 when he was twenty-two years old. Right, 'Boy on a Blue Chair' by John Craxton, exhibited in 1947 when he was twenty-five, and now again on view at the New Burlington Galleries' Festival Exhibition, 'British Painting 1925-50: first anthology'

It was not until the uprising of Whistler and the infiltration of the livelier French painting that the world both of the supply and the appreciation of art began to be obviously and incurably divided. 'These Pre-Raphaelites they talk of', said Carlyle to Woolner in 1853, 'are said to copy the thing as it is, or invent it as they believe it must have been: now there's some sense and hearty sincerity in this. It's the only

way of doing anything fit to be seen'. Carlyle then was nearly sixty, and he was not alone among men of his years and kind in welcoming the new painters. In our period of the two worlds the lag between emergence and reasonable acceptance has been much longer: One could produce not only next door neighbours, professors, politicians, editors and noblemen of industry, but eminent writers of Carlyle's seniority who think of Picasso as the devil and Henry Moore as Antichrist, two quacks with one aim—to transfer the simpleton's money into their own account.

In 1851 there may have been doubts of what lay ahead, fears for culture, confusions, eclecticism and evasions, but the cleavage was an old one between a homogeneously cultured head and a tail of mediocrity as yet confident enough to speak loudly now and then but not long. Even that cultured head is now divided against itself, half in one of the two art-worlds, half in the other. As a bridge there is certainly no one like the Prince Consort combining social influence with an adult feeling for the arts.

Coming then to 1951 and the South Bank, it seems to me admirable—and courageous—that in architecture, painting and sculpture the Festival hierarchy has not tried to stand with a leg in each of the worlds. If one leg may hover somewhat in the air, the other leg is firm in that one of the worlds authentic to Mr. Henry Moore and spurious to Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A. In *THE LISTENER* not long ago Mr. John Summerson argued that there was much to be said for the co-existence of these two worlds. We have to put up with them, that is certain. World B reflects the years, shall one say, of 1851 to 1901 without the merits or the self-confidence. 'Woe to you, if you are a grandson', said Goethe. If you compare the more or less one art-world of 1851 with that World A of 1951 chosen by the Festival, qualitatively we have the advantage for one reason: whatever our follies we hold more to that necessity of the noblest art, the structural imagination. There are geese among our few swans or cygnets, as there were among the cygnets of 1851. At least congratulate Mr. Gerald Barry on avoiding compromise so much. Of compromise and no self-confidence and of the backward antiquarian glance there is plenty in Festival activities away from the South Bank, in and out of London.

A new book of particular appropriateness and interest in connection with the above article is *A Century of British Painting 1851-1951*, by Anthony Bertram (Studio, 30s.). In a text of over 100 pages Mr. Bertram describes British painting from 1851 through the Pre-Raphaelites and their companions, the Medieval Revival and the Aesthetic Movement into Impressionism and Post-Impressionism and so on to Romanticism, Surrealism and the Neo-Romantics. He concludes with a chapter on Edward Wadsworth and Paul Nash. The book has 116 plates, many of them in colour, which give a pictorial view of the century's art from Holman Hunt's 'the Hireling Shepherd' to Michael Ayrton's 'Roman Window'.



Above: 'Andromeda Exposed to the Sea Monster', by John Bell (1811-1895); a replica in iron of the original bronze statue cast and exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851 by the Coalbrookdale Co., which now surmounts the fountain on the terrace of Osborne House. This replica has been lent by H. Hornak and Allied Ironfounders Ltd. to the Loan Exhibition now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum to commemorate the Great Exhibition of 1851. Right: 'Reclining Figure', by Henry Moore, now on exhibition at the 1951 Festival, South Bank



The Listener

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'Now Dance the Lights'

A HUNDRED years ago this week the Great Exhibition, opened at the Crystal Palace. Today the Festival of Britain is being inaugurated by the service in St. Paul's Cathedral. What comparisons and contrasts do these events suggest? Certainly there was more cheerfulness in 1851. 'Now dance the lights on lawn and lea', wrote the Poet Laureate, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in his 'In Memoriam' which so many people were reading in the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851. Though Disraeli cynically suggested that the Exhibition was calculated to distract attention from the blunders of the Whig Government, there is no question that the ruling classes in the country enjoyed an optimistic outlook and the industrialists saw a future of expanding material well-being, enhanced by the now triumphant doctrine of Free Trade. Yet however rich the nation was to become in the long reign of Queen Victoria, the political situation was uncertain. As Mr. Asa Briggs has reminded us in his excellent historical pamphlet*, 'The Ministry did not even survive peacefully until the opening of the Exhibition on May 1'. In fact it had resigned after a defeat in the House of Commons, though it returned to office and carried on with a precarious majority until it broke up in 1852. The other internal agitation that upset Britain in 1851 was a religious one. The decision of the Pope to restore a regular Roman Catholic hierarchy in England caused protest meetings to be held all over the country. That might be said to represent the other side of the medal of Puritanism from the Sabbatarian feeling which in 1951 prohibits the opening of the Festival Pleasure Gardens' Fun Fair on Sundays.

If domestic peace was uncertain, the clouds of war had not yet gathered in 1851, although there were ominous forebodings. In his book, *The Defenceless State of Great Britain*, published in 1851, Sir Francis Head had quoted a naval captain to the effect that 'Russia could send thirty sail of the line to sea before England could send three' and a reviewer reminded his readers that a few years before it had been asserted that Russia could dispatch a fleet up the Mersey whenever she pleased. Three years later we were in fact at war with Russia, though, far from the Russian troops being in Liverpool, ours were fighting and dying in the Crimea. In the hundred years ahead stretched much prosperity, but also a series of wars culminating in the two great wars against Germany.

The nineteenth century has been called the century of hope and we look back upon it as an age of wealth, with the wealth symbolised by the Great Exhibition. At the same time there were striking contrasts between rich and poor, above all in London: we have an excellent account of the life of the poor in those days by Henry Mayhew, to whom Mr. A. P. Ryan refers in the article which we publish today. Our own century, if we would be honest with ourselves, is more like a century of despair. In his recent autobiography Mr. Stephen Spender reminds us how the dying H. G. Wells, apostle of the spirit of Victorian science, after the explosion of the atomic bomb at Hiroshima wrote an article in which he declared that he no longer believed in any of the progressive causes to which he had devoted his life. Yet if the century of hope thus ended in despair, may our own forebodings about the future perhaps be unfulfilled? Maybe we or our children will despite everything live to see a world free from fear and from want. Indeed we must hope—in this season especially; for in our breasts 'Spring wakens too'.

* 1851. Historical Association. 1s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Bevan's resignation

THE RESIGNATION of Mr. Aneurin Bevan from the Government was a major subject of comment in broadcasts all over the world. Here is a selection of world reaction:

FRANCE: A number of French papers were quoted as predicting an early election. The left-wing Independent *Franc Tireur*, describing the resignation as the gravest crisis since the Labour Government came to power, went on:

However, Mr. Bevan will do everything to avoid being reproached with bringing a sudden stop to the Labour experiment. It is within the party and the trade unions that he will wage a campaign to continue this experiment along his own lines. . . . The outcome of this struggle is of the greatest interest to the future of European democracy as a whole.

SWITZERLAND: The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* was quoted as follows:

Bevan believes that once Attlee is defeated in a General Election he will be able to supplant the moderate leaders at the party conference this summer. He first wants power in the Labour movement and later in Britain.

The Swiss paper *Die Tat* expressed confidence that sensible people in Britain were unlikely to be dismayed by what it called Mr. Bevan's anti-American propaganda. Their answer, it considered, would be this:

What but United States capitalism, through its massive financial help, has enabled the British to carry out the social reforms in which you, Mr. Bevan, take such unlimited pride?

U.S.A.: A number of American papers were quoted for the opinion that the split could not fail to undermine the party and an election this spring or autumn was inevitable. The *New York Herald Tribune*, after expressing this belief, continued:

The Labourites will now face Mr. Churchill's formidable opposition with a deep division in their ranks. No one in this country will take pleasure in this setback to Mr. Attlee, who has been striving faithfully to fulfil Britain's obligations under the Atlantic Pact. But this unravelling of the weaknesses and inconsistencies within the Labour Party, this first step in the clearing away of confusion and the establishment of stronger national leadership, cannot fail to bring sentiments of relief.

The *Washington Post* was quoted for a very sympathetic understanding of the sacrifices Britain is undergoing in the cause of defence. The British living standard, said the paper, was 'uniquely depressed' among the free nations:

Specifically Mr. Bevan's blast against America has to do with the way in which we have been hogging the world's raw material for our own defence industry. . . . If there is not a better spirit of give and take, indeed, the present coalition (with our allies) would be undermined. . . . Certainly the only man who could have been made happy by the way the allies were gratuitously creating an inflation for themselves is Joseph Stalin.

The *New York Times* was quoted as welcoming Mr. Morrison's statement that Britain is determined to pursue her defence policy regardless of sacrifices:

The statement constitutes a new affirmation of British-American solidarity against Soviet imperialism. The British Government's position sets a good example for other European governments labouring under similar difficulties in their own rearmament programme.

The *Washington Star* observed:

The ties that bind us—ties of heritage, tradition and grim necessity—are not likely to be broken by hot-headed name-calling.

AUSTRALIA: The *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as expressing the hope that a General Election would be held soon, as the world needed to hear a confident and decisive voice speaking for Britain.

U.S.S.R.: Moscow broadcasts, of course, set the tone for comment throughout the communist world. A typical reaction came in a Moscow broadcast to Britain; which, after declaring that Bevan was 'no stranger to deceit and demagoguery', then proffered an answer to the question why he had resigned:

The answer must be sought in the sorry results of six years' rule by right-wing Labour. A policy of truckling to the big American capitalists has brought the country to the verge of economic catastrophe and loss of national independence. The British people have had enough of this. They demand a change in policy. . . . With this situation in mind, Aneurin Bevan, Harold Wilson and those of like mind have decided to break with the Attlee Government, although they are no less responsible than Attlee, Morrison, Gaitskill and the rest for the policy which has led Britain into a blind alley.

Did You Hear That?

A SHERLOCK HOLMES EXHIBITION

SINCE CONAN DOYLE placed Sherlock Holmes at the fictitious address 221b Baker Street, London, the houses in Baker Street have been re-numbered. Today there really is a No. 221b, and a Sherlock Holmes exhibition is to be held there. It will include as many as possible of the things which appeared in the detective's 'cases', including the strange and wonderful animals mentioned.

One of the naturalists responsible for this part of the exhibition is Dr. W. T. WILLIAMS of London University. Broadcasting recently in 'The Eye-witness', he said: 'Practically everything we know of Sherlock Holmes we owe to the case records of his friend Dr. Watson; and although Watson was an excellent general practitioner he was a distinctly indifferent naturalist. As a result, the records are strewn with references to plants and animals which we now cannot identify with certainty. I suppose the best-known example is the snake in the case of the *Speckled Band*, of which Holmes says: "It is a swamp-adder, the deadliest snake in India". We do not know what a swamp-adder is, because no snake is now known by the name; so we have to identify it by its behaviour alone. I am sure you remember the case: Dr. Roylott, who had already murdered one step-daughter, was planning to murder the other by pushing a snake through a ventilator into her bedroom. The snake then had to climb down a bell-rope, bite its victim, and climb up again. Dr. Roylott was actually able to recall it by means, we are told, of a "low, clear whistle", and he would reward it with a saucer of milk.

'This is all very well, but there are serious difficulties. First, snakes are deaf, and certainly do not respond to low, clear whistles; secondly, they do not like milk; and, most serious of all, though many snakes might possibly climb down a bell-rope, there are very few that might be expected to climb up again. We took our problem to the Zoo, and to the Natural History Museum. At the Zoo we were told that a snake might, if pushed firmly through a ventilator at dead of night, climb down a bell-rope, but that only a cobra would be likely to climb up again after biting its victim. The Natural History Museum was inclined to disagree: they doubted whether any snake was sufficiently agile to climb up a bell-rope. Ultimately however we decided that the snake in the *Speckled Band* was an ordinary Indian cobra. An Indian cobra would fulfil all the requirements; it is active and (as snakes go) intelligent, and it might conceivably climb up bell-ropes; it has a rapidly acting venom; and its habit of rearing up almost vertically when roused agrees very well with Watson's statement that "there reared itself . . . the squat diamond-shaped head of a loathsome serpent". However, certain other possibilities cannot be completely ruled out, and we shall be exhibiting specimens of several possible snakes in the Sherlock Holmes exhibition.

'Then there is the remarkable worm found in a matchbox and said to be new to science, that drove Isadora Persano raving mad. A zoological colleague of mine has undertaken some comprehensive researches into remarkable worms, and informs me that she is satisfied that this one must in fact have been a centipede—venomous, of course—and that the matchbox must have been large. Then there is the orchid that Watson

picked for Mrs. Stapleton on Dartmoor in October during the case of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. *Spiranthes*, the orchid you may know as lady's tresses, flowers in October, but not, as this one did, among mares' tails. *Orchis praetermissa*, which has a spike of purple flowers, grows among mares' tails but finishes flowering in August. I personally think it was *Spiranthes*. It does grow in dry patches on Dartmoor and since we can be reasonably certain that Watson and Mrs. Stapleton were not actually in the marsh when the conversation took place, I think this a reasonable possibility.

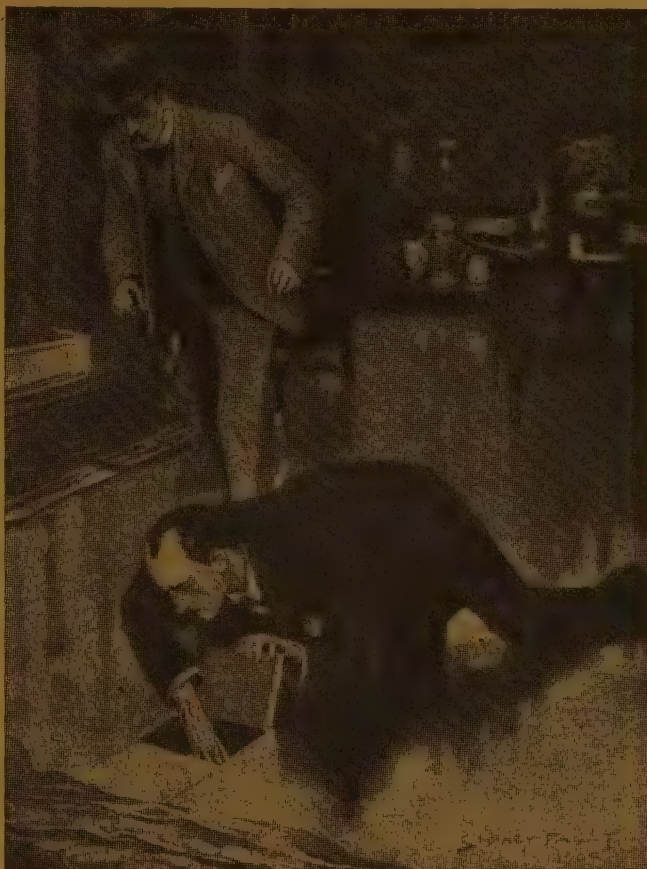
'Finally there is the giant rat of Sumatra. This was undoubtedly *Rhizomys sumatrensis*, the Great Bamboo-rat, which may be nineteen inches long excluding the tail. Holmes told us that the world was not ready for this story, or if I remember his own words correctly, "a story, Watson, for which the world is not yet prepared". This is probably still the case, so that we cannot give you any further information at the moment'.

A VICTORIAN CHILDHOOD

'The family was, of course, one of the Victorian institutions', said MABEL CONSTANDUROS in a Home Service talk. 'Each of my parents was one of eight, and there were seven of us. We had a very happy home, for it was made by two people who loved children. My father was a very hard-working young man who never spent more than half he earned, which made for an equable state of affairs since we had no money worries. We lived in a little house on a high road, along which trams trundled noisily. They were drawn by three mules abreast, hung with jingling bells, except on Sundays, when the bells were silent. We had church bells instead on Sundays. There was a great brazen one in the church quite close to our house and a nice peal of bells at one a little more distant. Everyone went to church as a matter of course, the men in frock coats, silk hats and striped trousers, and we in prickly starched white underclothes.

'Such leisurely days those seemed. Everybody travelled about in horse-drawn vehicles; life therefore progressed at a slower pace. The doctor, in his top hat, frock coat and striped trousers, drove about in his phaeton or his one-horse brougham; and on bank holidays—days of great excitement for us—we spent the day at our nursery windows watching the Londoners enjoying themselves. There were no motor-buses to take them into the country, so they spent the bank holidays in the streets, singing, drinking and dancing. The costers had their own individual style of dressing—as typical of the Londoner as the smock frock was of the farm labourer. The girls wore black velvet jackets, gay coloured skirts, high buttoned boots and large hats with many coloured ostrich feathers; the men had bowler hats and suits on which they had sewn innumerable pearl buttons. Some of them were perched on barrows drawn by donkeys and they sang continually and, when they had become really mellow, the gentlemen and ladies changed hats. They even had a kind of national dance which they performed outside the public houses.

'Women were much more ample when I was little than they are now. Young girls were often as slender as reeds and if they hadn't an eighteen-inch waist by nature they squeezed their unlucky bodies into eighteen-inch stays; but after marriage they allowed themselves



One of Sidney Paget's illustrations from the first publication of *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* (Episode XIII, 'The Adventure of the Second Stain') in the *Strand Magazine* of 1904. The original of this drawing will be among the 'relics' shown at the Sherlock Holmes exhibition, to be held at 221b Baker Street, London, from May 22 to September 22

to become what we should call fat, but they were described in those days as "fine figures". And who can wonder? There was so much to eat and food was cheap to buy. When I remember the sirloins of beef, the legs and saddles of mutton and the York hams which were commonplace things on our table and portions of which could be ordered in any restaurant, I don't wonder that women were distinguished for their curves'.

OYSTERS MOVE UP IN THE WORLD

'Oysters were dirt cheap in medieval England', said CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS in a Third Programme talk. "Dirt" is the word. "Not worth an oyster" was the medieval phrase for worth absolutely nothing. The Monk in *The Canterbury Tales* held the saying that a monk out of his cloister was a fish out of water to be "not worth an oyster"! The Summoner in his Tale explains how in utter starvation he was reduced to the humiliation of eating oysters, because, as he explains, "By God! We owe forty pound of stones". Then we move on from Chaucer to Dean Swift's Gulliver, who, it will be remembered, fed on oysters after he escaped from the land of the Houyhnhnms and did not much care for them. From him to Doctor Johnson, and we find that oysters have risen a little bit in the world. They are by the eighteenth century what a man gives to his cat. "Nor would it be just", Boswell tells us, "under this head to omit the fondness which he showed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I shall never forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature". Boswell liked oysters and disliked cats—"I am unluckily one of those who have an antipathy to a cat"—and it was clear that he did not really approve.

'Then we move on from Johnson to Dickens and oysters have risen in the world again. They are now definitely human food—even though only plebeian human food. Mr. Pickwick, in company with Mr. Peter Magnus and the two Wellers, is driving out from the Magpie and Stump to Ipswich in the coach. They go through Whitechapel "to the admiration of the whole population of that pretty-densely populated quarter":

"Not a very nice neighbourhood this, sir", said Sam, with a touch of the hat, which always preceded his entering into conversation with his master.

"It is not indeed, Sam", replied Mr. Pickwick, surveying the crowded and filthy street through which they were passing.

"It's a very remarkable circumstance, sir", said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seems to go together".

"I don't understand you, Sam", said Mr. Pickwick.

"What I mean, sir", said Sam, "is that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses. The street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's very poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation".

'They were in Dickens' time both the food of the poor and a plebeian relish.

'When the "select committee of coachmen" are waiting to call on Mr. Pell:

"What should you say to a drop o' beer, gen'l'm'n?" suggested the mottled-faced man.

"And a little bit o' cold beef", said the second coachman.

"Or a oyster", added the third, who was a hoarse gentleman supported by very round legs. [And in the eventual outcome it was this hoarse gentleman, who from a strong field carried off the honours.]

... If one individual evinced greater powers than another, it was the coachman with the hoarse voice, who took an imperial pint of vinegar with his oysters, without betraying the least emotion.

'We pass on to Lewis Carroll, and oysters are up in the world again. And so, alas, we pass on to our own sad age, and oysters, which to Chaucer were beneath eating, which to Johnson were the food of animals, to Dickens the food of the lower classes, to Lewis Carroll the food of the middle-classes, are today the choicest and usually unprocurable delicacy of the rich'.

A CLASH WITH WASPS

EVELYN CHEESMAN recently spoke about wasps in a Home Service talk. She said: 'I got quite fond of one wasp community that I met with in New Guinea when I stayed for some time in a small government rest-house in the Owen Stanley Mountains. It had roof and

walls thatched with coconut leaves. There were eight different kinds of wasps living in that house. Three of them built fairly large nests: one was in the bathroom wall but they were quite amiable; one with striped black and yellow faces built under the verandah—they were inoffensive; but one kind with yellow faces were rather touchy—that was the community I was most interested in. They had started a nest in a corner of the verandah where I arranged my table.

'It was only a small nest when I arrived—about nine cells. The workers were busy all day long adding to it; they were on tree trunks or on the verandah chopping off bits of dry bark. They pulped it with their jaws into a sort of *papier mâché*; this they rolled into a ball and flew back to the nest with it balanced between their chin and forelegs. When the grubs began to hatch out in the nest the workers hunted for insects of all kinds, particularly caterpillars, to feed them. That was pulped too and brought to the nest in a ball. There was a constant going and coming with a great deal of fuss.

'The business of feeding wasp grubs looks very irregular. If they were not fastened by the tail into the cells they would all fall out, for they hang upside down; but they are firmly fixed. The workers feed them individually, making the round of the cells and putting their heads inside each to give the grub a mash of chopped-up caterpillar. When the grubs are old enough nearly to fill the cell, they put out their heads from the entrance when they are hungry. If workers are making their round and a grub does not appear, then it is passed over and has to go without. I think that is why when they are mature some wasps are so much smaller than others. In this genus—*Polistes*—there are several queens instead of one to each community.

'When there were several queens and enough workers they began to go off and set up establishments for themselves. They did not leave the house, and they were a real nuisance because they started nests in all the most sheltered spots. Coconut thatching is supposed to keep out the rain for ten years, but that house was more than ten years old and heavy rain would simply stream through in places. I had a tarpaulin sheet over my hammock, and tables for my work were under the most solid parts of the roof. That is where I clashed with the wasps. We all wanted the same conditions. I had up-ended a case on the verandah as a table with another case to sit on. One morning I got stung and there were several workers buzzing round my face. I discovered that a wretched little bunch of cells had been built inside the box that I was sitting on and they were defending it. I scraped it off but then they defended the foundations. So in the end I turned up the case and left it outside in the rain till they lost interest in it'.



'The first day of oysters': London street scene of a hundred years ago

'Picture Post' Library

The Colossal Task of Jawaharlal Nehru

By BENEGAL SHIVA RAO

WHENEVER anxious millions think of the threat to world peace developing in the Far East, their minds instinctively turn to Jawaharlal Nehru in India as one of its possible bulwarks.

India achieved her independence only in August 1947, less than four years ago. In these brief but eventful years, India's leader has built up a reputation for himself as one of the world's foremost statesmen with a foreign policy which may, if there is sufficient support for it in the United Nations, avert the peril of another world war. To us in India, who take pride in his leadership, it does not come as a surprise that he has risen so high and so rapidly in influence and stature. Ten years before the outbreak of the second world war, Nehru saw more clearly than almost anyone else the danger to world peace resulting from a policy of appeasement towards Nazi and Fascist aggression. Because of his vision and knowledge of international problems, India has always been a consistent opponent of dictatorship in all its forms. That vision and knowledge, further strengthened today by India's independence, enabled him to look beyond the bleakness of today, and cherish the hope of a new civilisation built on an enduring peace.

Problems Set by Partition

But Nehru is not only our Foreign Minister, responsible for our foreign policy: he is also our Prime Minister, laying down, and to a large extent executing, India's domestic policy. Unfortunately, he came to power at a singularly unfavourable moment soon after the end of the second world war. India had to pay a heavy price for her independence because with freedom was coupled partition into India and Pakistan. Many problems, which might have been less complicated had there been more time for their solution, were left unsolved because the decision to divide all India was carried out in the course of a few months. Large scale Hindu-Muslim riots broke out on both sides of the newly-created frontiers, with colossal suffering. Millions of refugees crossed the frontiers—Hindus and Sikhs from Pakistan, and Muslims from India. These millions, embittered and disillusioned wrecks of humanity, have had to be clothed, fed and housed while they were being settled in their new homeland.

Gandhi strove, with all his wonderful influence and spiritual power, for a policy of generosity towards the Muslims, unconditioned by other considerations. But he did not live long to see that policy crowned with success. Less than six months after the achievement of independence, a Hindu fanatic put three fatal bullets into him as he was going to his evening prayers. Nehru, as the nearest to Gandhi in ideals and outlook, has for these three years since that tragedy carried the heavy burden of administration almost single-handed. Gandhi's murder shocked all India. The apostle of the creed of non-violence had laid down his life in a noble attempt to foster cordial relationships between Hindus and Muslims. But behind that episode lay a point of view which Nehru could not entirely ignore. On all important matters involving fundamental principles, Nehru has uncompromisingly determined on a line of action inspired by Gandhi's principles. Last year, for instance, when he signed a pact with Pakistan's Prime Minister for a settlement of some of the disputes between the two countries, he lashed out at his critics and said that two wrongs did not make a right.

On certain occasions, however, Nehru, pre-eminent though he is as a leader with mass support, has to be careful not to go too far ahead of public opinion, particularly on problems regarding which there is strong feeling among the Hindu and Sikh refugees from Pakistan. And sometimes Nehru is misunderstood by those who are far away from India and cannot appreciate his point of view. Take Kashmir, which has attracted so much attention in the last two or three years. Should it remain with India or go with Pakistan? Or should it be partitioned, certain areas going to India and others to Pakistan? Nehru has strong views on this subject. He never thinks in terms of Hindu and Muslim, and is sharply critical of the view expressed in many parts of the world that because Kashmir has a big Muslim majority it must naturally go to Pakistan. He feels that such a solution ignores the fact that India

has 35,000,000 Muslims within her borders, and a settlement of Kashmir's future on a religious basis would in the long run prove disastrous to India's considerable Muslim population.

Modern in his mental make-up, Nehru is a firm believer in the democratic way of life. He had a decisive voice in shaping India's permanent constitution, based on adult suffrage, and now almost ready to be brought into operation. At the end of this year, about 175,000,000 voters will go to the polls and record their votes on political beliefs and views, not through religious divisions into Hindus, Muslims, Christians and so on. It will be the biggest experiment in the democratic process that the world has ever witnessed. Many people have wondered whether democracy, as understood and interpreted in Britain and the United States, can function effectively in an Asian country. If these 175,000,000 voters in India exercise their right of vote with an intelligent appreciation of the issues placed before them, it will be a great step forward towards the establishment of democratic institutions in the other countries of Asia. Though India's general elections are not due for several months, there are indications already of organisations getting ready for the electoral fight. Nehru will not compromise on his ideal of India as a secular state. We have many religious minorities in India, not only Muslims. His firm conviction is—and it is now a part of our constitution—that everyone must have the same rights of citizenship and the same opportunities, regardless of religion or class.

As India's first Prime Minister, Nehru has had a colossal task. The sudden partition of India in August 1947 created many political and administrative complications. Our relations with Pakistan became difficult, with the unfortunate result that both countries have spent much more on their defence forces than they would otherwise have done. This has meant that much less was available for such essential reforms as the modernisation of agriculture, the expansion of education and of medical amenities, and, in fact, for India's all-round economic and social progress.

Partition had another most unfortunate consequence so far as India's food resources are concerned. Even in normal times, undivided India relied to some extent on neighbours like Burma for supplies of rice, but with the division we were cut off in India from regions which have a surplus of food, because they were absorbed into Pakistan. As though that was not a sufficiently serious handicap, nature has been extremely unkind to us in India. We have had a succession of bad agricultural years, either prolonged drought or excessive rain with disastrous floods. Food has been our biggest problem since independence, accentuated by a large increase in our population. At the present moment a great part of Northern India, Bihar, is threatened with famine unless adequate supplies of food can be rushed in time to the starving population. But not only food: the other primary essentials of life for India's masses, clothing and housing, are also scarce. Our mills cannot produce cloth without cotton, and Pakistan has so far not been a willing seller of her cotton. One hopes that the recent trade agreement between the two countries will effect a considerable improvement in the situation.

Housing Shortage

The shortage of housing has been a rapidly growing problem whose solution takes time, sorely trying the patience of millions who are without proper accommodation. There is general discontent because of these shortages, and critics of Nehru's Government have been resourceful in exploiting it with an eye on the coming general elections. Under the best of circumstances it will require infinite courage and patience and constructive ability to lead a country of the size of India, with her 356,000,000 people, out of poverty and hunger and economic backwardness into the position of a modern state capable of making a positive contribution towards the solution of world problems.

Nehru seldom refers to his difficulties in running the Administration, and is almost unique for the frankness with which he admits the mistakes of his Government. There is a quality of detachment about him which he owes to Gandhi's inspiration. Looking back over the period since he became Prime Minister, I am bound to point out that

the gathering together of hundreds of princely states, some big, but most of them small, was politically the greatest of all achievements. The primary credit for the unification of India must go to Nehru's colleague, Sardar Patel, who died a few months ago on the completion of the enormous task.

On the whole, these four years have seen remarkable progress. Vast projects for harnessing our rivers are materialising, though not as quickly as we would wish. As they take shape, irrigation and electric power will stimulate our agriculture and our industrial development. Less than twenty per cent. of our population is literate. Democracy, to function successfully, must be founded on an alert and discriminating electorate. All over India, education, including adult education, is receiving a great deal of attention. It is a great enterprise on which Nehru entered as free India's first Prime Minister. At sixty-one he bears a load of responsibility which would be too heavy for a much younger man. How does he do it? I am reminded of a tribute which I am told Mr. Churchill paid him when these two great personalities

met in London in the autumn of 1949. Mr. Nehru was on his way back to India after an official visit to the United States. Welcoming him, Mr. Churchill, it is said, expressed disappointment that he was not in the United States to introduce Mr. Nehru to America. 'What would you have said about me?' he is reported to have asked Mr. Churchill, with a mixture of amusement and curiosity. Promptly came the reply: 'I would have said, "Here's a man without hatred and without fear".'

Negative as this sounds, Mr. Churchill was singularly right. Only a man who has cast off hatred and fear could have taken the decision, after being nine times in prison for demanding from the British India's independence, to continue her association with the Commonwealth. The keynote of India's ancient culture is harmonisation of discords and conflicts. It is a rare fortune that there should be controlling her destinies a man whose vision is unclouded by hatred and fear, and therefore can play a role which may prove decisive at this critical moment in the world's history.—*Home Service*

Mass Education in Burma

By U AUNG MIN

MY country, Burma, is a land of mountains and deep valleys, of jungles and gorges and, except in the south, most of our people are simple villagers living in remote settlements with few roads or any means of transport. They are separated by race too, for Burma is made up of several different groups of people, Burmans, Shans, Kerens, and the rest, who live in the hills in their own districts and with their own traditions and customs.

So except in the south, where you get the influence of Rangoon and where the delta connects the villages and towns, you have people living as they have done for centuries past, in utter simplicity and great poverty, depending on their rice-fields for their living and living and dying in the place where they were born. The villages in Burma are more or less alike. The houses are of timber—teak for the richer peasants, bamboo for the poorer. They are open in the front and in this open part your friends gather when work is over and drink tea together and gossip. In every village the pagoda is a landmark, for the monastery is always there. Every day the monks go out in their yellow robes, walking in single file and holding their begging bowls, and every house, however poor, has something to put in the bowls. The best of the food is saved for the monks and the women get up early to prepare it. For, in my country, it is an act of piety to feed the holy men and the old people and even in bad times something is spared for them.

Religion is still a real part of Burmese life, and Burmese Buddhism has always been expressed in action and less in ritual and ceremony. All children, even the poor, go to the monastery to learn reading and writing and the Buddhist scriptures, and if the parents can spare them, boys spend some years as novices in the monasteries; but many children have to go to work in the rice-fields when they are very young, and by the time they have grown up they have become illiterate again, so in spite of the work of the monks Burma is only thirty-six per cent. literate.

When Burma became independent in 1948, therefore, we had few educated and experienced people to take on the ordinary business of the country. We needed more administrators, technicians, teachers and clerical workers, and people to work in the industries or business. Since eighty per cent. of our people were peasants we would have to draw on the peasant population to fill these posts. The only thing to do was to try a bold experiment, and in October 1949, when the country was gravely disturbed by insurrection and we could hear the guns of the insurgents outside Rangoon, our parliament passed the Mass Education Council Act for a great campaign of adult education. We set up a centre to train workers from all over the country, where they lived as a community, learning health and hygiene methods, rural economics and citizenship. Meanwhile I had travelled all over the country visiting settlements which might be suitable for our first experiments. I would talk to the elders and leaders of the villages and tell them what we hoped to do and how our trained men would come among them to help them improve their standard of living. Peasants are often suspicious of new ideas, but in Burma they are inquisitive and interested in what is new. They welcome visitors and it is part of our religion to revere all teachers. This made our task easier.

When the students completed their training they went out in batches of three to a few villages which we had chosen as suitable for the first experiment in our scheme. Our aim in general is to raise the standard of health, to improve agricultural methods, to teach the people to read and write, and to inform them about the duties of citizenship in general. But to begin with we want to concentrate on health. The health of the peasants is very bad because of the poverty and their primitive way of living. The death rate is high and because of disease and malnutrition the people are not able to concentrate or undertake sustained work. If we are going to have an energetic and virile population we have to deal with health first of all. So when the trained workers go into the villages they live among the people as peasants themselves, but they make their houses a practical example of healthy living. The food at their meals is well balanced; their houses are clean, they introduce proper sanitation and water supplies and they explain the importance of these things to the inquisitive villagers who come to see them. Their houses were very popular, for anyone might come in and take part in the friendly discussions that went on while tea was drunk in the open front room, and look at the pictures and newspapers that were kept there. Soon their houses became a kind of community centre. They also organised sports and taught games to the children and, through the children, they came to know the parents.

This mass education campaign is to be a movement by the people themselves, not something imposed from above. Our organisers keep themselves as far as they can in the background; they try to find leaders in the villages who learn what they have to teach and then continue the work themselves among their people. As soon as the ideas have been understood and the idea of community improvement has taken root, the organisers move to another village and leave their work to the people to carry on. At first we thought that the organisers need only spend six months in each village, but we know now that it takes eighteen months before they can safely move away without their work falling to pieces. But, although the work will be slow, we have had a lot of encouragement. For one thing we are breaking down the barriers of isolation. Not only are our workers gathered from all the different clans and races of Burma and working happily together, but they are also working with people who are of different clans. They are bringing the villages together in groups by getting up tournaments and discussions and competitions. They are informing remote villages about their country as a whole. All this is going to help to build up national unity. In all this work, the monks are helping us very greatly. Our next problem is to get enough books and papers printed for the newly literate population and to get a large enough supply of easy reading material, teaching films and so on. And after that we have still the problem of building enough schools and supplying enough teachers.

We have still a long way to go but when you hear of the troubles that Burma has passed through in recent years, you may remember too that a very great constructive work was begun which even an insurrection and inexperience and poverty and the devastating effects of Japanese occupation could not defeat.—*Home Service*

A Man of 'Peerless Intellect'

NOEL ANNAN on Lord Keynes

IN December 1945 John Maynard Keynes—or, as he had become, Baron Keynes of Tilton—rose to address the House of Lords in defence of the American Loan which he had negotiated in Washington. It was a notable speech and brought home the fact—which few of us cared to face—that as a nation we were, if not broke, in dark financial waters. But his speech was something more than that of an eminent economist advocating multilateral trade. Nor was it significant because Keynes spoke as an intellectual of the widest culture, with ease and fluency, the master of the situation. The speech was memorable because Keynes had become a symbol. A symbol for our age of the belief that man by using his reason can predict future events and hence avoid disasters, mitigate hardship and poverty and improve his conditions of life.

Keynes symbolised in some way the hope for a better world created by sanity instead of by hatred and prejudice. Sixteen years before, at the end of the first world war, he had written one of the most influential of all political pamphlets—*The Economic Consequences of the Peace*: in that book he had attacked what he believed to be the crass stupidity and ignorance of the peace settlement at Versailles. From then on his advice was disregarded by those in power: his criticism of the return to a gold standard or his proposals for curing unemployment fell on deaf ears. Now, at the end of the second world war when many of his revolutionary suggestions had become orthodoxy, when after the war years of public service in the Treasury, struggling against illness, he was at last accepted, he seemed set to be one of the great influences in our post-war world. It was not to be. Four months later he was dead.

The story of his life has been written by Mr. Roy Harrod. It is a fascinating book and you are never drowned by the economics: once you begin it you cannot put it down. But I am not to talk here about that book nor of Keynes' place in history, still less of the possibility, and impossibility, the grandeur and the dangers of trying to mould future events by reason. I do not think that it will be possible to assess Keynes' work dispassionately for fifty years. I am, instead, to talk of the man himself. I find it very difficult. Despite his eminence, he was a shadowy figure to the general public, far less well known than hundreds of other men. He was not merely the greatest economist of his age. He was a don, a bibliophile, an art-collector, a farmer, a financier, a college bursar, a patron of the arts and the inventor of a new kind of state patronage through the Arts Council. He did the work of half-a-dozen ordinary men, and it would be wrong to talk about him as if he were an ordinary man. He was not. And I think it a part of modern cant—a form of self-flattery to which we are too prone today—to reduce great men to our own stature by telling a string of stories about them to show that they were really 'human'. But it would also be doing a disservice to Keynes merely to eulogise him. We like or admire a man because he is recognisable—recognisable, not by his ideas and achievements, but by his idiom, his dealings with other men, by his faults which are so often integral to his virtues. Eulogy depersonalises a man. The citizens of Athens ostracised Aristides because they were sick of always hearing him called 'The Just'.

What set Keynes apart from other men was his peerless intellect. He had the most powerful mental machine of any man in public life, exact, lucid and supremely logical. He thought rapidly and had enormous stamina—a sprinter and cross-country runner in one. The range

was also staggering. As a young man he was a philosopher, and his *Treatise on Probability* showed his capacity to move in those spheres of abstract reasoning which are beyond the reach of more than a tiny handful of people. The whole field of the social sciences and of literature and painting also lay under his control. Moreover, he possessed two gifts not often granted to scholars. He delighted in administration, and could master the details of any practical scheme whether it was a complex Government White Paper on monetary policy or the statistics of matinee ices and the takings over the bar at the Cambridge Arts Theatre which he built. Secondly, he was gifted with every art of persuasion. He wrote admirable prose and spoke in a mellifluous voice with such force and charm that he mesmerised his opponents into silence.

Such gifts are dangerous. Especially as Keynes delighted in argument. Though he claimed to be convincing his listeners by reason, he often triumphed through an act of will. Like Dr. Johnson, he would talk for victory. He would in an emergency try every device to get his view accepted. In private discourse he had the most engaging and courteous manner, but in economics or public affairs he could be obstinate and arrogant, and spared no one's feelings. After all, he reasoned, was the man talking sense or nonsense? If nonsense, then he should be exposed and a lot of time saved. He himself expected to be treated in exactly that way. When D. H. Lawrence called him and his friends 'black beetles', Keynes was not insulted: instead he sat down calmly to re-examine his attitude to life to see if Lawrence wasn't right. Was he a black beetle? Was there something unvital, dull, insensitive, brittle, clever-clever, about his vision of life? Lawrence was an artist: neurotic, paranoiac, but a great artist. Perhaps there was something in what he said. When people were talking seriously,



John Maynard Keynes: 1883-1946

Keynes liked them to talk out. He thought politeness in intellectual discussion was too often soft soap and led to hypocrisy and muddle-headedness. I should like to hear Keynes today in one of those discussions on the wireless where each speaker always begins by saying 'Of course I quite agree with so-and-so, who seems to me quite right, though I would add', etc., etc.—and then proceeds to say the opposite. However, as you can imagine, such treatment was not appreciated by the bankers or city merchants whose financial policies, Keynes would tell them brutally, were ruining the country.

Nor did everyone appreciate his mental acrobatics. He could advocate two opposed courses of action simultaneously in two separate correspondences: having argued one way, he would two months later be found to be arguing exactly the reverse and complaining of the stupidity of those who had been converted by his first argument. This was really the sign of his wonderfully free creative mind which would adopt now one solution to a problem, now another, and which never made the mistake of thinking that problems could be solved by one sweeping gesture. Still, some people were understandably maddened by this, and accused him of inconsistency. But when you knew him well or got used to it, you realised that for the first time you were being forced to think for yourself. But if he was sometimes brusque talking to people he treated as his equals, he had another side to him. Paradoxically he suffered fools gladly. If you were in an important position, he wouldn't spare you. But if you were an old fellow of no particular distinction, but a personality, Keynes could be delighted. Indeed he had an affection for simple people. They weren't pretending to be important or clever.

He had a way, too, of knowing far more about your own subject than you did yourself. Of course, he didn't. But with Keynes this was not, as it is with many lesser men, empty conceit. He was so clever and widely read that he could make you think about your subject in a new way. He was full of curious knowledge. He knew about obscure Elizabethan playwrights, alchemy, genealogy and the amount of middlings and fish-meal to feed to pigs. Professor Pigou once said about Keynes: 'He would tell you even the number of wives that a boar—I don't mean a human boar—has to have if he is to be kept really happy! Keynes would explain to his friends that the right number is fourteen'. Still, such omniscience does not always endear a man to others. He never changed his tune to suit his audience. He always spoke as a cultivated intellectual, delighting in wit and flights of fancy, which irritated those who were incapable of appreciating them. He despised flattery and often told home-truths. He let the Americans know what he thought of a country whose capital city, Washington, had but one theatre, and that closed for half the year. He could be unscrupulous in his presentation of facts and figures. He could be parsimonious and hard. He would drive a hard bargain in business and he expected those who worked for him to work long hours without a care about money. He could be prejudiced. He believed all lawyers to be incompetent blunderers, or idiots who spent their time thinking out legal reasons to prevent someone doing sensible things. Above all, he was supremely self-confident.

Proud of his Profession

He was not only proud of his mind but proud of his profession. And with justice. For Keynes really did create a revolution in economics; since him, economists have had to think differently, whether or not they agree with him. Keynes thought that economists were too abstract, too often engaged in constructing curves to show how the national economy ought to work in accordance with theory if all things were equal in the long run. All things, said Keynes, are never equal and 'in the long run we are all dead'. Keynes turned economists into practical consultants. Whereas in the first world war he was a lone expert in the Treasury, in the last war he returned as a figure of enormous prestige, surrounded there and in the other ministries by old opponents and young pupils, ready with a dozen schemes to make the unworkable work in the short run.

But he was very far from being a revolutionary in the political sense. He wanted to preserve capitalism and described his policies 'as the only practical means of avoiding the destruction of existing forms in their entirety and as the conditions of the successful functioning of individual initiative'. He thought Marx' economics were rubbish. Indeed, he always declared that he fell asleep reading *Das Kapital* and even after a friend had marked certain passages, was really never able to read it. But what he hated about Marx was the morality of class hatred. No good new society could be born of hatred: blood would have blood, violence begets violence. Despite all its faults, capitalism with its ancient traditions was infinitely preferable. For, by capitalism, Keynes meant not merely the economic mechanism, but the civilisation and values integral to it: personal freedom, the rule of law, intellectual liberty, and the recognition that classes exist and will always exist. The vices he thought he could tame. To save our civilisation, Keynes thought that the Government must plan; and by planning he meant in particular to devise schemes to get rid of the great evil of capitalism—unemployment. Left to themselves, people insist on spending in times of inflation and hence make inflation worse, or in times of deflation they save and make trade stagnate even more. But he emphasised that planners should not be narrow, vindictive, power-seeking bureaucrats, but, as he said, 'rightly orientated in their own minds and hearts to the moral issue'.

I do not think that Keynes ever worked out the implications of his economic revolution in political terms. He wanted society to be the same, only better, and that is, in a sense, wanting to have one's cake and eat it. Indeed, he was ignorant of politics in the wider sense. He knew little of the sources of power in society, nor of how to get mass political support for his policies. But then, if Keynes had been more of a politician, he would have been a different and, I think, a lesser man. In his youth he rebelled against Victorian social conventions, and he continued to poke fun at the established moralities all his life. But as he grew older, his Victorian inheritance asserted itself. He admired England as it was and thought it was only prevented from being something better by a cloud of stupidity which could be dissipated by reason. This was natural. He had been born into a good world and

he wanted to preserve it. He was born into the intellectual aristocracy of England. His parents came of evangelical and nonconformist stock. His father, who died aged ninety-nine, was a don at Cambridge who taught logic and was a great university administrator; and his mother, still alive today aged ninety, was one of the earliest girl undergraduates at Cambridge, and became Mayor of Cambridge. Like many Englishmen, Keynes was proud of his family and class and used to trace his descent back to the Conquest. He was delighted to find after he had bought his farm in Sussex that one of his ancestors had farmed it in Norman times. He was happy as a boy at both Eton and King's, and enjoyed playing games. As a result he was free from the feeling which so many intellectuals suffer from, that he did not belong to society and that the world was out of joint.

I have said that he was proud of his intellect, of his pre-eminence as an economist, and of his class. And you may think that he sounds an unapproachable and self-sufficient man. But the very reverse was the case. The reason is that through his pride ran a streak of humility. When he lived in Bloomsbury he would sit for hours being painted by Duncan Grant. At first he sat for him out of friendship. But gradually he came to see that here was a process—the act of creation, the artist painting a picture or writing a novel—in which he could not compete. What curious gift had the artist that his mind had not got? He himself could write superb prose: the great portraits of Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Wilson at the Peace Conference will be quoted in the anthologies. But here was a world he could not conquer: all he could do was to serve it. The creative mind was of a different order from his. It moved by leaps and bounds and saw connections where none exist. Of course, it could be explained—but how did it work? By intuition? Yes, but what was intuition? And was it an entirely reliable guide?

Intuition: that was the gift he was to admire. Lloyd George fascinated and at the same time repelled Keynes. He so clearly had this power beside which the rationalising intellect always appears humdrum. Lloyd George was exceptionally clever, a dazzling politician up to every trick in the game. Somehow Keynes felt that politics shouldn't be played in tricks. This was asking politicians to change their spots—still, however that may be, Keynes thought that intuition had its dangers as well as virtues. But in 1925 he was to encounter the artist and the intuitive mind in an even more remarkable form. In that year he married Lydia Lopokova, the great ballerina, who had come to Europe in the Diaghilev company. Here was someone whose perceptions and judgments were made by some alchemical quality totally unlike his own. It was a union of opposites—as someone wrote at the time:

Oh, what a marriage of beauty and brains,

When the fair Lopokova wed John Maynard Keynes.

Her high spirits stimulated his own natural gaiety. Her abandon, her fantasy, her reckless use of the English language appealed to his sense of the improbable. The great economist, who spent his life predicting the future, was totally incapable of predicting what she would do—still less say. She got him once to dance the can-can with her. Yet mixed with her temperament, Lady Keynes had more than her share of shrewdness and common sense. From the date of her marriage she stepped from the centre of the stage. He was to be *prima donna*. During the long years of illness she nursed him and got him occasionally to relax. When they were sitting alone, he once asked her: 'What are you thinking of?' 'Nothing'. 'I wish I could do that'. Keynes was not an intellectual machine immune to the emotions. He was subject to spells of fascination—that is to say states of mind where intellectual judgment is in suspense and the emotions are delighted. The philosopher G. E. Moore and the writer Lytton Strachey had fascinated him when he was young; the musician Benjamin Britten years later was to fascinate him; the painter Duncan Grant, in particular, captivated him: Lydia Lopokova was also to capture him. He found himself entranced and amused.

Amused by Life

Amused. Yes, he found life highly amusing. When other people round him were in despair at the apathy of the public in coming to hear or see good entertainment at the theatre, or were enraged by the folly of politicians and nations, or were scandalised by some outrageous piece of behaviour, Keynes was amused. His sense of humour gave him equilibrium. He saw life as an agreeable, important, but at times, a comical panorama. He never measured things by a moral yardstick. He used to ask, 'Is it good of its kind?' He liked venerable, harmless and useless customs. He liked peers—provided they behaved

like peers and performed the functions of an English aristocrat. He was proud to be made a peer—but he celebrated the honour by going to 'Iolanthe' and by humming the peers' chorus. We used at King's to have a peacock attended by a keeper who had been groom to some previous Provost and was then over eighty years old. Looking after a peacock is not an exacting job—and perhaps he was not very good even at doing that. When they died, neither the peacock nor the keeper was replaced. Now, Keynes regretted that. Of course he liked efficiency—in his first year as an undergraduate he said of the college, 'I've had a good look round the place and come to the conclusion that it's pretty inefficient'. He was to make it, in the important sense, efficient. But he had too much respect for the character of Cambridge ever to permit efficiency to eat it away. An old servant might be inefficient, but if he was a personality, Keynes was delighted. He once said: 'You cannot run a College without three or four gross abuses'. What he disliked was the grey, the mingy, the respectable, the safe, and, above all, closed minds—those people who relied on an official position to exempt themselves from the responsibility of thinking and acting. Men should act, not in accordance with prudence, but for the best as they saw it.

Indeed, he was very far from being the passionless calculator, the careful investor who never puts a foot wrong. He was a gambler. He did not plunge but he backed his fancy, on a book, a picture, the market—or on a person. One day before 1914 a friend called on Keynes in Bloomsbury and found him with Duncan Grant and Adrian Stephen. 'I have just returned from Ostend', said the friend, 'they are playing roulette there without a zero'. The author of the *Treatise on Probability* at once rose, all four packed their bags, left on the night boat, and returned after the week-end, all expenses paid and well in pocket. He himself lost a small fortune and much of his friends' money, made another and paid it all back. He made sound investments for his College—certainly. But much of his investment was gambling on his own judgment. Keynes' marriage was a gamble—a *coup* in which

he won *en plein*. He enjoyed going into new ventures because they were a challenge. In the agricultural depression at the end of the nineteen-twenties, he persuaded his College to farm its own land in Lincolnshire. But he did this not merely for pleasure, but because he thought it was right that this marginal land should be farmed and should not be allowed to go to waste. He rode out the storm of bad years and his judgment was in the end vindicated.

Pleasure was certainly one of his criteria. He liked good food, good wine and good company. 'If I had my life to live over again', he said to me as we sat down to the 501st Founder's Feast in King's during the war, 'I would drink far more champagne'. To young people like myself he was unwearingly kind, never abrupt, always treating what one said seriously, his fine eyebrows expressing surprise, his eyes, which were extraordinarily beautiful, looking at one steadily and humorously—no wonder those who knew him forgot all his failings and saw only the man of genius who was without pose or affectation, full of enthusiasm and gaiety and invention. And he realised that in human relations intellect and character, which he possessed in abundance, were not enough. Intellect was nothing unless it was instructed by the heart. He used to quote Shelley: 'The wise lack love and those who love lack wisdom'.

People respected him for a quality which is not often associated with men of such powerful will and brain. 'You know he was a good man', said the cowman on Keynes' farm to Mr. Harrod. 'He'd sit and talk to me for a long time about things—very homely'. Twenty-five years before Margot Asquith had said to the present Provost of King's, 'You come from King's? Then you know Mr. Keynes? I like him. He is such a good man'. His intimate friends felt something more. One thing I regret. I regret that it is I that should be talking about Keynes. I was too young to know him intimately. But, then, you see, his intimate friends who should be speaking in my place, loved him too well to speak of him in public.—*Home Service*.

Can Figures Lie?

By MARGARET KNIGHT

ONE sometimes hears statistics quoted in support of very unsound views. But the statistician is not really the person who ought to be blamed for this. The statistician collects his data, and does his sums, and puts forward his results for what they are worth; and it is the people who get hold of the statistician's results, and either misunderstand them, or, in some cases, deliberately misinterpret them because they have got some sort of axe to grind.

By far the commonest cause of misunderstanding is this: too hastily assuming that every statistical relation is necessarily a direct relation of cause and effect. When a statistician says that there is a correlation between two things, what he means is simply that the two things tend to go together, or to vary together. For example, there is a correlation between the age of children and their height. If you take a hundred children and arrange them in order of age, and then arrange them again in order of height, you will find that the two orders are not so very different. Again, there is a correlation between the intelligence of children and their progress in school; there is a correlation between income and the amount spent on food—and so on.

When two things are correlated in this way, it often is the case that the variations in one directly cause the variations in the other. For example, if, in an agricultural research station, there was found to be a correlation between the amount of cod-liver oil given to young pigs and the rate at which they grew, then—if other conditions had been kept constant—it would be a pretty safe assumption that it was the extra cod-liver oil that had caused some of the pigs to grow faster than others. But not every correlation implies a direct causal relation of this type. If we call the two things that are correlated A and B, it is not necessarily the case that the variations in A directly cause the variations in B. To introduce another mildly technical term, there may be a common third variable which affects both A and B. Here is an example—which, incidentally, I have borrowed from Professor Vernon. In any large school, one would certainly find a correlation between the size

of the pupils' feet and the speed of their handwriting. But there is certainly no direct causal relation here—having big feet does not cause you to write quickly. This is a typical case where two things are related through a common third factor, and the third factor in this case is obviously age. It is the oldest children who have the biggest feet, and the oldest children who are the quickest writers.

That sort of mistake, in a less obvious form, is very easy to make. For example, it was shown some time ago that there is a correlation between the intelligence of children and the age of their fathers when the children were born—in other words, that middle-aged and elderly men tend to produce children who are more intelligent than the children of younger men. It looked at first sight as though some new, and very unexpected, biological principle had been discovered. But here again we are not dealing with a direct cause-and-effect relationship. This odd fact, that older fathers tend to have more intelligent children, depends for its explanation on three other facts. These facts are, first, that intelligence is strongly hereditary; secondly, that the most intelligent class in the community, by and large, is the professional class; and, thirdly, that (by and large again) it is the professional class who are least given to early marriage. Later marriages mean older fathers, so the fact that older fathers tend to have more intelligent children is just a by-product, so to speak, of the fact that older fathers are more often professional fathers.

The same sort of mistake is liable to be made with many other types of statistical data. The statistician points to the existence of a trend or a tendency, and the layman at once jumps to conclusions about the cause of this trend. The death-rate from cancer provides a good example. Statisticians tell us that for many years the death-rate from cancer has been slowly but steadily rising: and, not unnaturally, many people conclude from this that for some reason or other we are becoming more susceptible to cancer. But, actually, that conclusion does not follow at all. The rise in the cancer death-rate is probably due entirely to the fact that other causes of death have been reduced. Diseases like small-

pox and typhoid, which used to kill thousands of people every year, now have been more or less overcome. But everyone must eventually die of something; so the result is that more and more people are dying of cancer. To put it another way—numbers of people who, if they had been born a century earlier would have died in their twenties of typhoid, are now living on into their seventies and dying of cancer.

Wrong Deductions

To take another example: in a book I read some years ago, the author had been greatly struck by the fact that maternal mortality was higher in the free hospitals than it was in the patients' own homes. This is what she says: 'Social workers have been very astonished to find that, in spite of the cleanliness and amenities of the maternity hospitals, and the skilled medical and nursing attention the patients receive, the death-rate is higher in these institutions than in the mothers' own homes, though these be unhygienic and unsatisfactory. Statistics thus bring home to us incontrovertibly that there is something intangible in the home, something that affects the spirit of the sick woman for good, and transcends the material limitations of her surroundings'.

Far be it from me to deny that even the poorest home may have something intangible that transcends its material limitations, as the writer says; but I am afraid it cannot be said to be 'incontrovertibly proved' by these figures, because a very important factor has been left out of account—that is, that there is not room in the free hospitals for more than a fraction of all maternity cases, and so the usual practice is to select cases for admission, giving priority to difficult cases and first births. So the population of the maternity wards is not what is technically termed a random sample; it is a selected group—selected, as one might say, for liability to die. The fact, therefore, that more of them do die is not surprising—in fact, it would be very surprising if it were otherwise.

Another example of the same type: in a Dublin hospital, many years ago, it was noticed that the death-rate was markedly higher in the ground-floor wards than it was in the wards upstairs; and this fact was commented on in an official report, and marked down as requiring investigation. Then it was discovered that, when new patients came in, the porter of the hospital was in the habit of putting them upstairs if they could walk by themselves, and downstairs if they could not.

Here is a rather more subtle example, again concerned with death-rates, but it is in this field of vital statistics, as they are called, that mistakes are most often made. One sometimes hears it said that there is good statistical evidence that teetotallers die young. It is perfectly true that an enquiry made about forty years ago showed that the average age at death of total abstainers was lower than that of non-abstainers. But the conclusion that was thought to follow from this was quite untrue—I mean, the conclusion that the abstainers died earlier just because they were abstainers, and that it is therefore much safer to be a moderate drinker. Once again, an important fact had been left out of account. I do not know whether it is still the case today, but at the time of the enquiry, teetotalism was considerably more common among younger men than it was among older men. In other words, abstainers as a group were younger than non-abstainers so, naturally, such deaths as did occur among them would occur at an earlier age. To put it more generally, it is quite misleading to compare the average age at death of two groups of people, if the average age of the groups is different. The average age at death of undergraduates is much lower than that of professors, but we do not conclude from that that being an undergraduate is a dangerous occupation. Again, the average age at death of people with false teeth is no doubt higher than that of people who still have their own teeth, but that does not mean that false teeth make you live longer.

The examples I have given so far are all due—or could all be due—to genuine misunderstanding. But the most dangerous misinterpretations of statistics are probably those that are deliberate—where the person using them has some sort of axe to grind. There are not many views that cannot be supported by figures if the figures are carefully selected—still more, if they are deliberately (shall I say?) manipulated in such a way as to give a false impression. Unfortunately, this is not at all a difficult thing to do. One of the most effective ways of doing it is by the skilful misuse of percentages. Percentages are very fashionable nowadays: it sounds much more scientific to say that a total has been increased, or decreased, by so much per cent. than to say that it has been increased from sixty to eighty-seven or whatever the actual figures were. And very often, of course, stating a result in

percentage form is much the best and clearest way of doing it. But sometimes there is a less respectable reason—so whenever you are given a result in percentage form, but are not given the actual 'raw' figures on which the percentage is based, you should begin to get suspicious. Statements like this, for example: 'Before the war, more than ten per cent. of the national expenditure went on social service payments: now it is only six per cent.' The casual reader or listener gets the impression that social service payments have gone down, but that does not necessarily follow at all. In point of fact they have gone up—they have more than doubled. But they have not increased in the same proportion as national expenditure as a whole has increased: national expenditure as a whole is now four times what it was before the war.

Then again, results are sometimes given in percentage form mainly in order to conceal the fact that the number of cases on which the percentage was based was far too small for the results to be of any value. For example, an efficiency expert might tell us that his new system of training typists has been shown to result in a fifty per cent. decrease in errors. You tend to visualise rooms full of typists being trained by these new methods, and exact records being kept of their errors before and after training. But all that may really have happened is that the expert has trained his own typist, and given her a letter to type before and after training, and found that she made three mistakes in the first and only two in the second.

That again is a rather preposterous example, but here is a genuine one of the same kind. There has been considerable controversy about whether women civil servants should be paid at the same rate as men. One argument that I have heard used by opponents of equal pay is that it would be quite unreasonable for women to expect the same pay as men, in view of the fact that their sickness rates are no less than fifty per cent. higher. It sounds quite an impressive argument, until you look at the actual figures. Then you find that the men average about three days sickness-absenteeism a year and the women four-and-a-half. The difference between a man's and a woman's pay for the same work may be £150 a year or more in the higher grades—so if the difference in sickness rates is really supposed to be the main reason for this difference in pay, the women's extra day-and-a-half of sickness is costing them a good deal.

The Device of Percentages

Another way in which percentages can be used to give a false impression is this. If you want to minimise some figure, express it as a percentage of something large: if you want to make the most of it, express it as a percentage of something small. I once attended a debate on the sterilisation of mental defectives in which both sides made use of this device—with the result that each side was able to use the same figures quite effectively in support of its own case. Both the proposer and opposer of the motion were apparently agreed to this extent—that there are about 400,000 mental defectives in the country, and that if a sterilisation policy were adopted, their number would be approximately halved in fifty years. I do not know whether this view is strictly accurate or not, but that does not really matter in this context: the important thing is the way the point was put by the two sides. The proposer said: 'There are about 400,000 mental defectives in the country—equal to about twenty-five per cent. of the whole population of Wales. Sterilisation would approximately halve their number in fifty years'. The opposer said: 'Today mental defectives number less than one per cent. of the population. Fifty years of sterilisation would probably reduce this proportion to one-half of one per cent.—but is it worth it?' Both these statements are based on the same 'raw' figures, but they certainly give a very different impression.

When the man in the street says nasty things about statisticians, what he has often got at the back of his mind, I think, is the idea that they cook their results. No doubt this does happen occasionally, just as dishonest accountants will sometimes cook their accounts: but I think one can safely say that it is a very rare occurrence—much too rare to be a serious source of error. The main source of error, undoubtedly, lies, not in results that have been falsified, but in results that have been misinterpreted, deliberately or otherwise. Lord Morley once defined an educated man as a man who knows when a proposition has been proved and when it has not. On that definition one cannot be an educated man today without knowing just a little about the elementary principles of statistics—enough to prevent one from falling into (or falling for) the sort of misinterpretation I have been discussing here.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

Queen Elizabeth and the Anglican Prayer Book

By J. E. NEALE

MOST of us enjoy a detective story. On this occasion I want to expound a piece of historical detection which should interest Englishmen, because it concerns the history of their national church and involves a quite revolutionary change in a tale that has been accepted, for well over 300 years.

Every reader of English history is aware that the Church of England, as we know it today, was established at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and that it was based on two famous acts passed by her first parliament in the early months of 1559—the Act of Supremacy, which finally ended subordination to the Pope at Rome, making the Queen Supreme Governor of the Church of England, and the Act of Uniformity, which gave us the Prayer Book we use today. These two acts, with subsequent administrative orders, constituted the Elizabethan Settlement of the Church.

It has always been assumed that this Settlement was deliberately planned. Our history books speak of it as a *via media*—a middle way. For the clearest sign of this spirit of calculated compromise, they point to the Communion Service in our Prayer Book, with the sentences used by the minister in delivering the sacrament: 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life; take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee . . .'. The first half of this sentence, like the first half of the sentence used in delivering the wine, was taken from the 1549, or first, Prayer Book of Edward VI and implied a 'real presence' in the sacrament, thus being acceptable to Lutherans and even to Catholics; the second half was taken from the second Edwardian Prayer Book of 1552 and treated Communion as merely a commemorative act, thus agreeing with the views of left-wing Protestants. How like Queen Elizabeth to subordinate doctrine to politics, say our historians: religion meant little to her, statesmanship much!

It is certainly very tempting to argue that what happened was intended to happen, especially when the result was so eminently practical that it has stood the test of subsequent centuries. Nor must we imagine that the host of past writers on the subject, from the Elizabethan historian, William Camden, down to authors of our time, lacked apparent authority for their argument. They were all persuaded by an anonymous contemporary document known as 'The Device for alteration of religion in the first year of Queen Elizabeth'. 'The Device', as I shall call it, was written in the first month or two of Elizabeth's reign and made proposals for the ecclesiastical policy of the new regime. It recommended that the religious settlement should be carried out in the first parliament of the reign and that meanwhile a committee should set about compiling a revised Protestant Prayer Book. 'The Device' is very circumstantial in its detail, and since the ultimate Elizabethan Settlement, with its Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity and its Prayer Book, fits nicely into its design, we can

hardly be surprised that historians have regarded it as an official document and assumed that the Government based their plans on it.

No contemporary evidence survives to tell us exactly what did happen, but there are bits of evidence—many bits; and somehow or other they must be made to fit into any reconstruction of events. We

are confronted with a jig-saw puzzle, no bit of which must be left without a place in the final picture. Unfortunately, when any of our writers on the subject really got down to details they ran into trouble. They could not fit all the bits into their picture. From this I draw the conclusion a detective would draw: namely, that the old interpretation is wrong and we must find a new approach to our evidence.

If writers of the past have been wrong, then clearly we have got to think again about that document, 'The Device', which was the starting point of their argument. Now there is no compelling reason why we should regard this document as an official expression of policy. It is at least as likely to have been an unofficial paper offering merely personal advice to someone closely associated with the Queen. If we assume this, then the paper takes its place with other documents of a similar character, three of which survive. After all, the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne was the coming of a new and revolutionary regime; and there were many people ready to air their views and advise her on how to carry out the Protestant revolution. The merit of doing as I suggest and removing 'The Device' out of our way is that we can make an entirely fresh start with our problem. And let me anticipate the result by saying that we shall soon find this document to be a mere irrelevance. It should be given a new title—'A Rejected Address', or, if you prefer detective language, 'The Clue that Failed'.

When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, England was still nominally at war with Catholic France, though commissioners were negotiating a peace; the country was impoverished; England's ally in the recent war, Spain, was strongly Catholic; the English Church was in the hands of Catholic leaders; and there was a potential rival claimant to the throne, Mary Queen of Scots, who was a Catholic and was married to the French Dauphin. Conditions, you will agree, were hardly propitious for carrying out a Protestant revolution. Indeed, one of those men who, like the author of 'The Device', tendered his advice on ecclesiastical policy, was opposed to any attempt at protestantising the country in the first parliament of the reign. He was even opposed to renouncing the supremacy of the Pope at so early a stage. A second adviser, though not so extreme, was for exercising great caution—for a policy of little by little. So far as we know, our impetuous author of 'The Device', who wanted Protestantism at a blow, was in a minority; and we need not be surprised that his advice was rejected. With these facts in mind, we can readily accept a new line of argument, even though it involves the rather startling proposition that Queen Elizabeth did not intend to



Queen Elizabeth in parliament

give England a new and Protestant Prayer Book in her first parliament.

The vital clue in this detective story of ours is to be found staring us in the face. It lies embedded like a fossil in the Act of Supremacy. This act, as its title implies, deals with the government of the Church. But it contains a brief clause reviving an act of Edward VI's first parliament which provided for Communion in both kinds—that is, for the laity as well as the priest to receive both the wine and the bread. It was a strange anomaly to include a liturgical item in an Act of Supremacy; but, stranger still, it was redundant and useless if that act was to be accompanied by an Act of Uniformity imposing a new Prayer Book which also contained provision for Communion in both kinds.

The Queen's Hope of a 'Gradual Revolution'

There seems to be only one reasonable explanation of this anomaly: it is, that when the Elizabethan Government drafted its Act of Supremacy it did not intend to have an Act of Uniformity or to give England a Protestant Prayer Book. The Elizabethan Church Settlement was intended in its first stage to include simply the substitution of royal for papal supremacy, along with that slight alteration in the old Catholic order of service involved in granting the cup to the laity—an innovation not repugnant to Catholic minds. It is an interesting fact that this had been the first step taken by Edward VI's Government in its doctrinal Reformation; and on that occasion the 1549 Prayer Book followed in the next parliament. I have no doubt that this precedent was in Elizabeth's mind and that she intended to postpone protestantising the church service until her second parliament. There were very powerful arguments in favour of this policy. I shall mention some of them later on. For the moment let us note that the Queen probably hoped to carry some of Mary Tudor's bishops with her in her gradual revolution and if she had had her way the Anglican Church would have emerged in a more conservative form than the one we know.

But even a Tudor government did not always get its way. During Mary Tudor's reign there had been close on 500 English Protestants in exile abroad, including eminent divines who could hope to be the leaders in a new Protestant Church. These men were now flocking back home, intent on one object—to build the New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, and build it at once. The situation was strikingly like our own days. It was a revolutionary movement. The divines remained in London during Elizabeth's first parliament and acted as a pressure group, working on the Government and on the House of Commons. Some of their fellow-exiles were Members of Parliament, and events make it clear that left-wing Protestants were in overwhelming control of this House of Commons—a sorry outlook for Queen Elizabeth's policy of gradualness.

Time will only permit me to give an outline of what happened; but let me say, in passing, that in this new version of our story all the pieces of evidence, even the most intractable, slip into place—fairly convincing proof that the main lines of the story are sound. When the Government introduced its Bill of Supremacy into the House of Commons, with that miserable sop of Communion in both kinds, it met with a very hostile reception. In committee a new bill was substituted for it; and I myself have little doubt that the committee inserted into the bill a new clause reviving the religious situation at the end of Edward VI's reign: that is to say, they revived the radical 1552 Prayer Book, with its Act of Uniformity. In such a dilemma a Tudor sovereign could usually rely on the House of Lords to safeguard a government measure from mutilation by the Commons; and although this particular House of Lords (with its bench of Marian bishops who voted consistently and unanimously against all ecclesiastical change) might have needed little prompting, I have not much doubt that it was given an official hint to take out all the additions of the Commons and restore the bill to its original form: which it did.

By this time Easter was at hand and parliament expected to be dissolved in a few days. The radical House of Commons had to face defeat, for either they must accept the Lords' amendments to their Bill of Supremacy, or alternatively reject it and so leave the Church under papal supremacy. But, though out-manoeuvred, they were defiant. They drafted and rushed through the House at phenomenal speed a bill permitting anyone to use the religion in use in Edward VI's last year. In other words, if they were not to have Protestant uniformity, they demanded Protestant nonconformity. I cannot believe that their leaders expected to get such a bill through the House of Lords. They were just making a threatening propaganda demonstration; which, as we know, leaders of revolution are apt to do.

Luckily, our evidence leaves us in no doubt that Elizabeth intended to close this parliament at about one o'clock on Good Friday, March 24, 1559, and to give her royal assent to that Act of Supremacy with its clause about Communion in both kinds. If she had carried out her intention, the story of the Elizabethan Religious Settlement would have been quite different from the one we know. England would have had to wait for its Prayer Book until a second parliament was summoned—either in the autumn of 1559 or later. But, as it happened, sometime overnight or during the morning of March 24, the Queen suddenly changed her mind.

What had happened? There can be little doubt that the immediate cause of the change in policy was news from France that her commissioners had concluded the peace. This meant that the foreign situation was no longer so threatening, and instead of accomplishing her Protestant revolution in two stages she could risk it in one. But that alone would not explain her new policy. The domestic situation had proved different from expectations. She had, I think, counted on carrying some of Mary's Catholic bishops with her, as her father, Henry VIII, had carried most of the Catholic bishops with him. If she had been able to do this, she would have been less dependent on the radical party of divines, and my guess is that the Prayer Book ultimately presented to parliament might have been the conservative Book of 1549. But the Marian bishops in parliament all refused to compromise. In consequence, they drove the Queen into the arms of the radicals. And it was the superb revolutionary technique of these former exiles, backed by the equally superb tactics of their dominant party in the House of Commons, that finally compelled Elizabeth to yield—though, as we shall see, yield is perhaps too strong a word.

Instead of dissolving parliament on March 24, the Queen adjourned it till after Easter; and, as a preliminary step to framing a bill of Uniformity and a Protestant Prayer Book to accompany it, she arranged a public disputation between nine Catholic and nine Protestant divines, eight of the latter being chosen from the Marian exiles—a sign of the way they were dominating the situation. The disputation should probably be regarded as a propaganda demonstration, intended to show that Catholicism was to be overthrown by virtue of argument and not by force alone—another example of revolutionary technique.

It was at this juncture that thought was given to preparing the Anglican Prayer Book. The situation appeared to demand that this work of revision should be undertaken by the Protestant divines chosen for the Disputation with the Catholics; and certainly it was one of these disputants who was officially charged with the task—significantly enough, the only one who had not been abroad in Mary's reign. Presumably, this man was expected to prove the most moderate of the group. It seems clear that he was instructed to base the revision on the first Edwardian Prayer Book—the conservative Book of 1549, which I have little doubt that Queen Elizabeth herself preferred, both on theological and political grounds.

Driven to Compromise

Instead of carrying out their instructions, these men took the radical Book of 1552 for their model, and went even beyond that in simplification, as their experience abroad in Mary's reign prompted them to do. The fat was in the fire. Though we know nothing of the discussions which must have taken place at court, it is clear that Queen Elizabeth would not accept their revision. Indeed, the mere fact that in the new Supremacy bill introduced into the House of Commons after Easter, the Government left in that clause about Communion in both kinds, shows that they were afraid there would be no agreement, and therefore no Prayer Book, in this parliament. The Protestant divines, who could count on the support of the House of Commons, would not go back to 1549, and the Queen would not come forward to 1552. However, politically speaking, the divines held the trump cards; and as a political realist, Elizabeth was driven to compromise. The divines also compromised, though to a less extent, for our Anglican Prayer Book is mainly that of 1552. But those double sentences used by our clergy today in administering the bread and wine of the Communion represent, in their theological incompatibility, where the Queen stood fast and the Protestant divines stood fast. Our English Prayer Book is a more ramshackle affair than anyone has yet imagined.

This battle at court delayed the introduction of the Uniformity bill into parliament for a fortnight. But it then had a rapid passage through the Commons and even through the Lords, though it passed the Lords by only three votes. There was evidently a last-minute attempt among conservatives at court to persuade the Queen to veto it;

and it may well be that some of the lay votes against the bill in the Upper House were cast in order to strengthen this final conservative move. It would be a mistake to conclude from the narrow majority of three that the Government was in any real danger of losing its Act of Uniformity. Things did not happen that way in a Tudor House of Lords. But the act passed without the consent of a single spiritual peer, and whatever the formal judgment on that, I think we are justified in describing it as revolutionary procedure.

If Elizabeth had been able to carry through her original plan and postpone the Prayer Book till her second parliament, she would in the

meanwhile have secured an amenable bench of bishops and an amenable convocation of the clergy, and the Protestant Prayer Book would then have come to parliament through convocation in the proper way, while the Lords, both spiritual and temporal, would have been ready to pass it with an impressive majority. Procedure would have been normal, not revolutionary. But this almost argues a more conservative Religious Settlement, and I cannot imagine an Elizabethan House of Commons ready to agree to that. So, after all, we may perhaps say that by yielding to the pressure of the Marian exiles, Elizabeth got as conservative a Church as was possible.—*Third Programme*

Studies in Social Change

Industry and the Individual

By JOAN WOODWARD

EVERYONE has heard a great deal about the Industrial Revolution, probably a great deal too much; and it is a commonplace that with it came complete social upheaval, but what is not so often realised is that no stable society has since emerged. It was not a dividing line between two established societies, each with social institutions and relations of its own, but rather it was the beginning of a process of continuing social change. But the first task of every society, even when it is of a changing kind, is to secure for its members satisfaction of their needs, material and personal, through bringing about their spontaneous co-operation. These needs are satisfied through the association of individuals into relatively small groups each with some particular objective. In this country at the present time approximately two-thirds of the 22,000,000 people who are engaged in civilian employment are employed in industry of one kind or another; 8,000,000 in the manufacturing industries, 4,000,000 in the basic industries such as mining and agriculture, and 1,500,000 in building and civil engineering. Perhaps it may be clear from these figures alone that the satisfaction to the individual which industrial groups can provide is a most vital thing for our whole society. But what exactly are these satisfactions that the individual seeks in his job?

Pre-industrial society was an established one, in which the extent of change even from century to century had been small. The network of social relationships was comparatively simple and well understood. The individual could understand also the various activities of the community, and he took part in them himself, generally because he wanted to do so. From childhood he could anticipate the role he would later be expected to play in the community, he knew that his activities were wanted and valued by society and he could feel at ease in most circumstances that came his way. But what has happened to the individual in the continuously changing society which industrialism has brought? It did not all happen suddenly, of course; the development of industrial organisation was initially on a small-scale basis. The master-craftsman with his journeyman and apprentices gave way to the owner-manager of the comparatively small firm—as a matter of fact we are still, relatively speaking, a country of small-scale industrial organisation. It has been estimated that no less than one-third of those employed in industry are still working in units of less than 250. But large-scale organisation did begin to emerge in this country at the end of the nineteenth century, partly in competition with Germany and America and partly as a result of technological and administrative developments. And now, in the last decade, we have seen in some of the basic industries the limited company replaced by the state.

It is not only in the organisation of industry that continuous change occurs. In a continually changing society the network of all the social relationships becomes much more complex. No longer is it possible for the individual to anticipate his role—for example, technological developments can suddenly make useless the skills of large groups of people and so rob them of the status they held in the community because of that skill. After the last war, and in the reorganisation that followed it, large numbers of people had to remove themselves from their old communities to find new work and they had to create new relationships to meet their new lives and jobs. Again, full employment and the emergence of the welfare state as well as the nationalisation of some industries have meant that thousands of people have had to readjust themselves in the most fundamental way. One striking example

of this which recent research has shown is that many of the nursing and medical staff in hospitals have become very sensitive to the change in relationship between staff and patient since the introduction of the National Health Service; they feel that patients now regard their services simply as something to which they are entitled and there is not the same direct and personal appreciation. Again, many of the dockers do not yet seem to have been able to adjust themselves to their changed and more complicated relationships. The other day I was talking with some of the older men about the unofficial Port Workers Committee; they said, very significantly, that the trade union as long as they could remember had maintained a permanent organisation in the docks ready to go into action when a dispute arose. Without such an organisation they felt lost and insecure, and so had replaced it with the Port Workers Committee.

The truth is that in our industrial society the individual does not always participate in the activities of the community because he understands them, or because he wants to do so. There are various social and economic pressures which make him participate, but the fundamental difficulty is how to replace or regain this sense of understanding and of wanting to take part no matter what the association is or what its objective—it may be the production of a manufactured article, the handling of cargo, mining, nursing or even the redistribution of food ration books.

During the last century humanitarianism, new ideas of social justice and the collective action of the workers themselves resulted in the emergence of the social doctrine of the individual's human rights. But doctrines in themselves often have little influence on human behaviour because they are often difficult, if not impossible, to apply. This is probably why the effects of the doctrine of industrial democracy and joint consultation have been so disappointing, for they have not, generally speaking, altered day-to-day behaviour at any level in industry very much. Another difficulty, however, with the doctrine of individual human rights was that it was not at all clear what exactly it implied. Some employers, genuinely anxious to fulfil their social obligation, identified it with the provision of welfare facilities for their employees. The human rights doctrine did undoubtedly emphasise individual differences and human apartness, and this may be one of the reasons why much of the earlier work of industrial psychologists and of the Industrial Health Research Board, although extremely valuable, concentrated almost entirely on individual differences and on such problems as personnel selection, and the effect of various physical conditions on the individual worker.

This concentration on individual differences and apartness is not very helpful to those responsible for its direction. In fact ideas of scientific management developed on what you could call a compromise assumption, the assumption that although individuals differ there is a sufficiently large common factor in human reactions to make it possible to develop principles of administration. This assumption is really the basis of management practice today, and is certainly the foundation of all training in the personnel management field. It has led to the development of techniques rather than principles of management, and I think it is also the reason why so many students of personnel management find, when they go out into industry, that what happens is different from what they had been led to expect. This is a painful discovery if they have not learnt to analyse social situations for themselves.

It is obvious that a different approach to the individual in industry is required. The individual is directly dependent from birth on other individuals. He cannot survive alone. In his attempt to satisfy his needs, he is helped or hindered by forces that he cannot control and can only partly influence. The impact of almost all of these forces on him is experienced through the behaviour of other people—he is in fact continuously involved in relations with others. And so it is that, however excellent the labour policy of a company may be, its effect on the individual comes to him almost entirely through the actions of other people. Obviously in a working group provision must be made to co-ordinate everyone's activities, and obviously controls and regulations are necessary. This need not mean that the individual's needs and satisfactions are completely subordinated to these controls. People, after all, are not totally absorbed in their jobs, and the success of the group may well depend upon how far the individual can retain his uniqueness by independence of thought and action while willingly and effectively co-operating with others. Although, for instance, unqualified acceptance of orders is unnatural to people with ideas of their own, if a system of discipline is based on obvious efficiency it will be accepted without question by most workers.

This has been fully borne out by research; in the hospital research I have already mentioned, in an environment where discipline is traditionally very strict, seventy-three per cent. of those interviewed felt the system of discipline to be adequate and fair and were quite ready to conform, and of the remainder two-thirds in fact complained that it was not severe enough. We have had similar results from research in factories and also, in spite of what is generally said, from a representative sample of dock-workers in one port. The individual's satisfaction from his job is quite clearly not simply dependent on the personal freedom he is allowed, if this interferes in any way with the working of the group as a whole. Instead, therefore, of considering individual differences or common qualities of employees, it would be much more helpful to regard individualism rather as the contribution that can be made to the whole and the satisfaction that a person gets not for and by himself, but from his relations with others.

In the field of work and working life there are several kinds of relationships between the workers themselves; between a subordinate and his immediate superior; between individuals and institutions; and between the particular group and society as a whole. I believe, accordingly, that the basis of training in the management field should be the development of what one has to term something like 'social skill'; that is, the capacity to receive communications from others, and to respond to their ideas and so co-operate with them effectively. In this belief, the Department of Social Science in Liverpool University has undertaken research in five Merseyside factories, in a group of teaching hospitals, and among dock-workers in Merseyside and Manchester. We do not emphasise the importance of therapeutic action resulting from this research to the same extent as does the Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, which is also active in this field; but we do believe that an intelligent analysis of a social situation stimulates sufficient energy and enthusiasm among the workers to set in motion a process of social change to remedy the faults.

One of the greatest problems that arises between colleagues in almost every kind of work is how to reconcile the individual's desire for permanence in social relations with the continuing process of social change in industrial society. The relation between supervisor and subordinate—between labourer and charge-hand, or lecturer and professor—seems to be the critical one in giving the subordinate emotional security and confidence in the contribution he can make. In the course of research we have found that supervisors in industry often feel that the conditions of full employment have made their job more difficult because if a worker is corrected or criticised he would leave and could not be replaced. There is obviously some truth in this assumption, but it is often used by the foreman to excuse his failure to face up to his own responsibilities. There is so much insecurity in personal relations at present that it is becoming increasingly difficult to be constructively critical about other people when face to face with them. There is also no doubt, I think, that the relations between the worker and the invisible system of authority are made very much more complicated by the assumption of roles at all levels. People become so embedded in the behaviour pattern of a manager, or a shop-steward, or an unofficial workers' leader that they cease to act as individuals.

Finally, what about the relations between the various working groups and society as a whole? They do appear to influence what happens inside the working group itself. In the *Port Workers News*, the publication of the Port Workers Committee, reference was recently made

to an account in the *British Journal of Sociology* of some research which revealed that a number of people ranked the social status of the dock-labourer only next above that of the road-sweeper, who was at the bottom of the list. The *Port Workers News* interpreted this, quite understandably, as an indication of the low value which society placed on dock work. But if we have a serious dock strike the dockers become extremely important, and the sort of phrase in general use is that they are 'the life-line of the nation, holding the community to ransom'. It is a sad state of affairs when only a breakdown of relationships inside such a group gives it a new importance in the eyes of society, and I think the conclusion is that our whole community must take some responsibility for the constantly recurring trouble in the ports.

Although we have not yet got anywhere near the stage of offering solutions, we are beginning to feel that we can see more clearly what some of the problems are. What has, however, been the most encouraging thing so far has been the enthusiastic co-operation we have had wherever we have worked. This in itself has shown clearly that people are very conscious of these problems and keen to find a solution to them.—*Third Programme*

Poem

Molten-fired by broken suns
The silver in the river runs.
Spilt and spreading from the sky
Fire will wring the river dry.
Water wash my thoughts away,
Leave me shriven for today,
Like your tall unmelted swan
Passing when the sun has gone.

ROBERT HUNTER

The Enchanted Ship

Over that dark and fatal sea, a vessel sailed
Towards the calm acceptance of this moonlit bay,
A harbour comprehending in its arm of stone
This haunted anchorage. And here the vessel lay
Like a marine enchantment in a windless field
Of bright and flowing grasses, waiting for a dawn.

The deck was of crystal, the sail of frailest lawn.
Through one, the shimmering of fishes blue and green,
And through the other, certain stars, the crescent moon's
Pale silver sling of cloud were curiously seen.
The keel was of amber, the riggings light as down.
In holds of glass, deep mirrors mined profounder rooms.

The cabins were of pearl, and anchors hung their frames
Of gold and coral on the lanterned prow. The masts
Were trees of diamonds—high, frozen wells of true
Transparency, on which the constellations, ghosts
Of eternal legend, flash with immortal names,
Or blaze their secret noons behind a dome of blue.

But were they mortal men, those members of the crew
With golden shoulders, hair like moonlit daffodils,
Who for an endless moment danced upon the shore?
What laughter was it, heard among the sleeping hills,
As magic games were played, that, though unknown, we knew?
What was the song? When was that singing heard before?

Pure love began to fold us in a dream of fire
That through the crystal decks from keen horizons flamed.
Then, with a clear cry, a bird with one vast wing,
All lifting light, called from the azure mast. It seemed
Their swift caress, their long embraces turned to air,
Their limbs to waves, their eyes to sun, to sky their song!

And that great vessel suddenly became the long
Horizon it had windowed like a dream of glass.
That day, beneath the haunted sun, we first began
The building of the vessel that once brought to pass,
On earth, what is in heaven. For we shall sing that song,
And sail that ship, like gods, and live with gods again!

JAMES KIRKUP

Mind and Matter—III. Symbols and Patterns

By W. RUSSELL BRAIN

WE have now reached the crux of our problem concerning mind and matter. Experience and our reflections upon it have led us to the distinction between the physical 'world' on the one hand and its perceptual representation on the other.

The physical 'world' consists of the subject-matter of physics and corresponds in general to what people loosely term matter. Perceptual representation must have a good deal in common with the physical 'world'—for example, up to a point, structural correspondence—but it also includes much, such as its sensory qualities, which have no counterpart in physics. The physical 'world' is common to all observers: the perceptual representation of it is private and subjective. There are also other events which are private and subjective and seem to have much in common with perceptual representation—for example, our feelings and our thoughts. Again, though these may have an underlying physical basis there is nothing like them in the 'world' of physics. Many people would apply the term 'mind' or 'mental' to some at any rate of these subjective events. They would probably agree that thinking is mental and possibly, also, feeling, but there would be more difficulty in deciding about sensation.

Two Views

It is, I think, important to recognise that the one feature which all these subjective states have in common is that they are actually or potentially conscious, and the question we should next consider is what is the relationship between any of these conscious states, such as sensations, feelings, and thoughts, and their physical basis in the brain. Here we seem confronted with two main alternatives. We can either take the view that conscious states are not identical with physical brain states. They may be parallel with them, or caused by them, the result of interaction between brain states and something else, but they are not the same. Alternatively, we can conclude that we are dealing with events of only one kind. What we call events in the physical brain are happenings about which we may have indirect knowledge inferred from our perception of other people's brains and what they tell us about their experiences; but we have direct awareness of the physical events in our own brains and when we thus perceive them we find them to be sensations, feelings and other conscious states.

Let us consider the arguments for and against these two views. The theory that brain-events and conscious states are two aspects of the same happenings is sometimes known as 'neutral monism'. The chief arguments in favour of it are that the correlation between the two is so close that we have no reason to suppose the occurrence of one without the other, and, that being so, it is a simpler and more economical hypothesis to believe that the distinction is created by our mode of thought. The arguments for dualism are negative in character. There appears to be nothing in the account which physiology gives of the nervous system which can enable us to translate brain-events into states of consciousness. As Dr. Johnson put it long ago, 'matter can differ from matter only in form, density, bulk, motion and direction of motion: to which of these however varied or combined can consciousness be annexed?' Again, Sherrington writes: 'The search in that (energy) scheme for a scale of equivalence between energy and mental experience arrives at none. . . . The two, for all I can do, remain refractorily apart. They seem to me disparate; not mutually convertible, untranslatable the one into the other'. Brain-states consist, neurophysiology tells us, of rapidly moving changes of electrical potential in highly complex chemical structures; how can these, however we look at them, ever be identified with sights and sounds, hopes and fears, falling in love and discussing the nature of the mind?

Let me here point out that the difficulty upon which the dualists lay such stress exists for them in just as tough a form. For there is no doubt that changes in the physiology of the brain produce parallel and proportionate changes in consciousness. It is certainly difficult to see how a pattern of electrical impulses can be a pain; but it is equally inexplicable how, if a pain is a state of an independent mind, it can be

changed in quality by a lesion of a nerve or of the brain itself. The problem of the influence of nervous structure upon consciousness remains, whether it is supposed to be immediate or exerted at one remove upon an intangible mind.

I want now to draw attention to the bearing of certain psycho-physiological facts upon this, and then to suggest that it looks somewhat less formidable from the philosophical standpoint I adopted in the earlier part of this talk. I have just mentioned pain. Can we imagine how the passage of electrical impulses along certain nerve fibres to an end-station in the brain can result in a sensation of pain? There is evidence that it is impossible to stimulate a single pain fibre, so that even from the periphery a relationship between several fibres conducting impulses is involved in the simplest sensation. There is also evidence that an alteration in the number of pain fibres, either in the nerves, or in the pathways in the spinal cord, or in the brain itself, substantially affects the quality of the pain which is experienced. Thus, it would seem that pain is the state of consciousness which corresponds to a certain pattern of nerve impulses existing in space and time. There is evidence, too, that patterns play an integral part in our recognition of objects, in our understanding of words and sentences and in our comprehension of ideas.

But, you may rightly object, granting all this, granting that patterns of brain-activity in space and time play an essential part in making mental processes possible, the gulf between patterns of electrical impulses and the richness and variety of states of consciousness is as wide as ever. In my first two talks I drew attention to what I called the two kinds of 'world', the perceptual 'world' and the physical 'world', but I said that of course there is really only one world. Now for the two kinds of world let me substitute two kinds of knowledge of the single world. There is knowledge depending upon perceptual symbols, aroused by stimuli reaching the body from outside itself, and which we call perception, and there is knowledge by means of conceptual symbols derived from perception by a process of inference. Our knowledge of what I have called the physical 'world' is of the second kind. When therefore we ask how a pattern of electrical impulses in the brain can be a colour, what we are really saying is: 'How can events for which we use conceptual symbols involving electricity be represented also by the perceptual symbols of colour?' To be puzzled by this is logically very like asking: 'How on earth can a man called William have a moustache?' The analogy, I admit, is not quite perfect, because there is normally no connection between being called William and having a moustache, and there is some connection between neurophysiological patterns in the brain and colours, but in the present state of our knowledge there is no explainable relationship between the conceptual and perceptual symbols which respectively represent them.

Features Common to Both 'Worlds'

The view which I have been putting forward has many important and interesting implications. If the perceptual 'world' of each of us is to represent the physical 'world' certain features must be common to both: broadly speaking, the perceptual 'world' must reproduce the structure of the physical 'world'. In addition, the perceptual 'world' contains features which are purely subjective, however external and independent of the observer they seem to be. It is in fact the product of a fusion between subjective and objective elements, a fact which is of great importance in our understanding of animism, magic and art. The qualities with which the savage endows places and objects really belong to them, not in the sense that they are qualities of those objects in the physical 'world', but that they are part of the objects in his perceptual 'world' because this is to some extent part of himself.

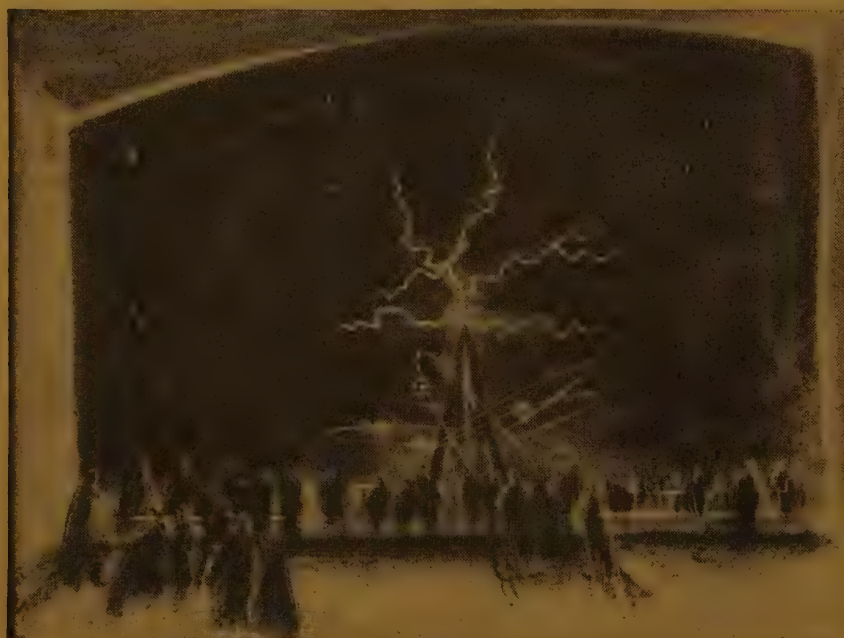
The same is true of art. When an artist represents an object, as in painting a landscape or a portrait, he does not merely reproduce the pattern of sensory impressions it produces in him, but that pattern as modified by his own feelings and thoughts. Such a picture is never just a representation of reality: it is a distortion created by the passage

(continued on page 721)

GREAT BRITAIN'S YEAR OF FESTIVAL: A PH



A model of the *Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition*, one of the chief events in Northern Ireland's Festival plans, which will be opened at Castlereagh, Belfast, by Their Majesties the King and Queen on June 1



An artist's impression of the great cone, centre-piece of the *Hall of the Future* in the *Industrial Power Exhibition* in Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, to be opened by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth on May 28. The million-volt apparatus will generate lightning. The story of the conquest of power, based on coal and water, will be unfolded from the earliest steam engine to the latest hydro-electric scheme



Six touring book exhibitions are being organised by the National Book League. They will visit forty-five centres in Great Britain during the Festival season. This illustration is from *'The English Gentleman'* by Richard Brathwaite (1631) which has been lent by the Women's Service Library to the touring exhibition *'Women of Britain'*. In addition, the League is assisting in over fifty other book exhibitions outside London during Festival year



In addition to the main Festival will carry miniature versions of ten coastal cities (see page 713) the converted aircraft carrier



All over the country local authorities are being encouraged to commemorate the Festival permanently by beautifying towns and villages with flowering trees and shrubs and by laying out gardens. This photograph (by 'Country Life') shows terraced herbaceous borders in the grounds of Culzean Castle, Ayrshire, which is owned by the National Trust for Scotland. The Trust has been granted £1,000 by the Scottish Committee of the Festival of Britain to help prepare the grounds for the summer as a representative Scottish garden



Music, drama and song will be featured in the new photograph shows the new Fledermaus'. The Company is based in Swansea and

GRAPHIC PREVIEW



centres, two travelling exhibitions have been organised which Bank Exhibition by road and sea to four inland centres and to wing of the entrance to the land-travelling exhibition. Above: 'Panama' which will carry the sea-travelling exhibition



on theme of Wales' contribution to the Festival of Britain. This Welsh National Opera Company in a performance of 'Die at the National Bisteddod at Llanwrst and also at Cardiff, The Welsh Festival Choir will also go on tour



The Nottinghamshire village of Trowell which has been specially commended in the Festival of Britain's official souvenir book as an example of what a small community can do to improve its amenities in celebration of the Festival. Trowell has been described as characteristic of a village struggling to preserve itself against the encroachment of industrialisation



The Abbey and the Pump Room, as they will appear when floodlit for the Bath Assembly, which will include a Festival of Church Music in the Abbey



For the first time for nearly 400 years the York Cycle of Mystery Plays, 'The Creation and Redemption of Man and the Life of Christ' (composed about 1350) will be performed as the outstanding event in the City's Festival programme in June. The cycle will take place in the open air before the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey: a photograph taken during a dress rehearsal

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Books and Authors

Sir,—Your 'editorial' has some pungent remarks: more are needed. Why should 'the author'—without whom there would be no books, no publishing, and no booksellers—remain as the focal point of penalisation in this Charybdis of trade difficulties?

Any regular reviewer must admit recurrent surprise at the strange assortment that some publishers will gamble on; and in contrast marvel at the opportunities lost—on each side of a fair volume of 'worth while' products. Yet, in the event of low sales, why seek to punish the author? Why cut his very modest share (I speak not of those rare birds y-clept 'best-sellers'). Presumably the paper-maker gets his money; printers and binders certainly mine a golden seam; and the suave merchant of books (after he is informed, and puts in an order for 1/12 of a dozen) gets his 25 or 33 per cent.?

The author is asked (by some, not all) to part with all his 'rights' in return for a payment seldom specified in cash terms; but usually on the predicate of 'copies sold'. The number of these he never knows but on 'information supplied'. In Germany there is (or was) a system whereby a public accountant could tot up precise sales, and thus sums due. Whether it could work here, I do not know. But I would like to see a much needed reform. As authors have to bear identity numbers, why not their books? I suggest their serial numeration from 0000 to—shall we say?—50,000, this succession being stamped in rotation on the back of every title page. Newspapers and magazines also should be individually numbered. Technically the job is easy. It would serve to number editions; identify lost or stolen books, or casual copies of periodicals; and provide a check on basic facts. Finally, may I ask that publishers add a full address both in books and advertisements? How many times I have been asked to find a London publisher's precise address by some poor foreigner who wants a book; how often I cannot oblige rapidly. No longer is the seventeenth-century label: 'London, Jones and Co.' sufficient.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.17

W. G. RAFFÉ

Mind and Matter

Sir,—In his second talk Dr. Brain says: 'It is true to say that in [seeing and moving a table] I am aware of what are sometimes called sense-data. . . . It is also true to say that I perceive a physical table. We should normally prefer to say that I moved the table rather than that I moved my sense-data, but that is a matter of usage. We have, in fact, two different ways of describing the same events . . . there will be much confusion if we use the two methods indiscriminately'.

To enlarge on this briefly. We describe things in different terms for different purposes. No one way of describing them is the *right* way. An éclair is not more *truly* described in terms of physical particles than it is in terms of pastry, cream and icing, or of sense-data; and though we may talk at times of the 'physicist's cake' or the 'pastrycook's cake' or the 'phenomenalist's cake', it is only by a sort of 'double vision' that we seem to have two or more entities on our hands, and need to puzzle ourselves over the (unanswerable) question of the relation between them. Though alive to the dangers of this misleading 'duplication by re-

description', Dr. Brain himself, I suggest, provides examples of its insidiousness in at least the following ways:

(1) To talk of two (or more) 'worlds', with or without inverted commas or other warning, is surely a very misleading way (as Eddington's reception has shown) of presenting the fact that we need to describe a table in one way when auctioning it, and quite differently when trying to predict how it will fall if dropped from a tower. Committed to this unfortunate turn of phrase, Dr. Brain, making the point that we must not mix our different terminologies, says:

One source of confusion is due to the fact that we do not in everyday life need to discriminate between our own perceptual 'worlds' and the physical 'worlds' [? world]. When I see a table, I do not distinguish a perceptual table from a physical table, nor when I speak of a table do I need to specify whether I am referring to one or the other or both. In fact I pass from one to the other, and use the same term for both indifferently.

This passage strongly suggests that there are two *species* of table; that there is an operation called telling the difference between a perceptual table and a physical table—rather like telling the difference between genuine and fake Chippendale, but trickier—and that our troubles begin when, in ordinary life, we fail to scrutinise the tables we come across to make sure which are which. But this is absurd.

(2) Inevitably, Dr. Brain is forced to enquire into the nature of the relation between his two worlds. He chooses 'symbolical representation'. But I think that he only finds this satisfying because of a certain confusion.

When we say that the marks on a map are symbols of features in the landscape, this in plain words means that we have certain rules for interpreting the marks such that, if the map and our map-reading are both correct, we know what we should see when we go out and look. In this case, symbolising a church on our map presupposes that there is something properly describable as perceiving or visiting the actual church thus symbolised. Similarly, for this to be a photograph of John presupposes that there is something properly describable as perceiving or seeing John face to face.

This condition is not fulfilled in Dr. Brain's symbolic scheme. For while there is something properly describable as perceiving a table (which Dr. Brain would call 'perceiving a perceptual table'), there is no experience *distinct from this* (and available only to trained physicists) properly describable as perceiving a physical table. (Dr. Brain writes as if he thought there might be when he speaks of red light 'as the physicist knows it' as opposed to how you and I know it; but this is just an unlucky turn of phrase, I think.) So that it won't do to say that what I perceive symbolises *bits of the physical world* (i) in the same way that a map symbolises bits of the physical world (ii); for in (ii) the words 'bits of the physical world' refer to such everyday things as tables and churches; whereas in (i) they are used in a way which makes it nonsensical to speak of perceiving bits of the physical world—as Dr. Brain misleadingly recognises when he writes: 'From the "world" we perceive we are able to infer a "world" of events of which we are not able to have any more direct knowledge'. Misleadingly, for this inability is logical and not practical.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

GEORGE ENGLE

Contemporary Scientific Mythology

Sir,—To judge from his letter in THE LISTENER of April 26, Dr. Julian Huxley must have read my three talks on this subject very hastily, for he misrepresents both my argument and my conclusion.

He explains at some length that, when studying the origin and natural descent of any species, one must take into account the contemporary state and distribution of such other species as (*e.g.*) preyed on, or were preyed on by, the species under investigation: 'the study of a particular species [*sc.* in isolation] is inadequate'. This fact, he thinks, disposes of my chief premise. But did I ever deny it? Not at all: a man would indeed be ignorant who did so.

Again, he reports me as concluding that 'scientific knowledge is irrelevant to ethics'. And, in the face of this sweeping and ambiguous assertion, he permits himself to be astounded. But I never made it.

I cannot ask for space to repeat my argument here; but two things may be worth saying. (1) Taken out of all contexts, the numerical question, whether zoologists study 'one' process or 'an unlimited number', is indeterminate: compare the question, 'Is a suit of dress clothes one thing or three?' It may be desirable, in certain kinds of ecological work, to consider all existing species at once, and when doing so to speak not of 'the evolution of such-a-species' but of 'evolution'; just as, in certain kinds of historical work, one may want to take a general view of all the peoples of the world, and accordingly speak not of 'English social history' (say) but of 'history'. There is no harm in that. But between this use of the terms 'evolution' and 'history', and such doctrines as that 'history is on our side' and that 'we are the heirs of evolution' there is a great gulf fixed, which the Marxists and Dr. Huxley respectively seem to leap blindfold. For these doctrines are not such as can be forced on us by a study of history or zoology: it takes the eye of faith to read them there.

(2) The development of scientific knowledge has had consequences of many kinds for our ethical thinking. But that fact alone does not oblige us to import into ethical arguments the theoretical notions scientists have developed for their own technical purposes. It is no doubt true that, in certain respects at any rate, our standards of conduct have altered, are altering—and perhaps improving—and will alter again in the future: as Dr. Huxley puts it, 'ethics evolve'. But it is a different matter entirely to conclude that these standards of conduct must, therefore, be 'based on biological evolution'. This step Dr. Huxley regards as a 'fairly obvious' one to take. I do not find it so: it reminds me rather of the old fallacy, 'Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat'; and in my third talk, in THE LISTENER of March 22, I tried to see what it could mean to speak of 'basing ethics on evolution'.

It would be frivolous of me to think of criticising the views of biologists on biology, and I was not trying to do so in my talks. But when they enter the philosophical field, specialists can no longer expect their pronouncements to be exempt from comment—especially as there the chief enemy is not ignorance but muddle-headedness.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

STEPHEN TOULMIN

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

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**CARPETS AND
RUGS**



BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

Sir,—Dr. Huxley is 'astounded' that his point of view should be questioned and makes some astounding generalisations in defending it. He says, for instance, that 'the transformation of living matter as a whole' is 'solely or mainly the result of natural selection'. It is quite clear that a selective process must have something to select; it may direct or sift a variation but the variation must be present first to be directed or sifted. The cart goes behind, not in front of the horse.

Dr. Huxley then makes the dogmatic statement that 'history is a continuation of biological evolution' and to call such a statement dubious in the extreme is the kindest thing that can be said about it. From this very tenuous hypothesis he concludes that 'the traditional biblical view' of ethics is obsolete because the Bible was lacking in Darwinian knowledge. He makes the further assumption that people who believed that 'the world was shortly coming to an end' had different ideas of right and wrong from those who believed otherwise. Presumably he is referring to the early Christians and history confounds him, since (if he will consult the works of Dr. C. H. Dodd) he will find chapter and verse to show conclusively that no change in ethics took place when this belief was abandoned. Pressed to its logical finality, Dr. Huxley's argument is informing us that our own ideas of good and evil are nearer to reality and so to truth and so are superior to those proclaimed in the Gospels, for the sufficient reason that nothing was known about the transformation of species in the first century A.D.—Yours, etc.,
Long Crendon

H. J. MASSINGHAM

Can India's Millions be Fed?

Sir,—Dr. Spate in his masterly analysis raises the question 'Can India's Millions be Fed?' The answer is clearly No. He discusses the prospects of extending the cultivated area, improving existing cultivation, increasing irrigation, the Colombo Plan, etc. His conclusion is pessimistic.

The hard fact is that among peoples practising unrestricted reproduction economic developments are only palliatives, and the rate of population increase in India, 4,000,000 a year, keeps well ahead of the present and any possible increase of resources and will always do so until population growth is restricted. Mr. Nehru now recognises this and said lately that measures

would have to be taken to restrict population growth. In short, in backward countries population has got to be adjusted to the resources available at any time, not *vice versa*. Until this is done the Malthusian harsh checks of scarcity, famine, disease and war will effect this adjustment. They keep the population half-starved normally, and kill off surplus millions by periodic famines such as the Indian famine developing now.

Modern medical and sanitary measures, especially the conquest of malaria by D.D.T., are worsening the situation. They reduce death-rates but pay no attention to reducing birth-rates. So population growth, already excessive, is being stimulated still more, thus producing more victims for the miseries noted above.

There is only one effective remedy, *viz.*, general family limitation, as Carr-Saunders points out in his book *World Population*. Dr. Spate does not mention this remedy. As Sir John Megaw, formerly Director-General, Indian Medical Services, has said, general education in social living is the key to this solution. The U.N. agencies should press this policy of restricting population growth on the governments of the backward countries. These governments would get far better results in promoting prosperity and reducing suffering by spending more funds and effort on this policy than on the development schemes now regarded as the panacea.—Yours, etc.,
London, W.2

JAMES P. BRANDER

By What Values?

Sir,—In your issue of April 19 the Duchess of Atholl put a question with reference to my previous letter in which I challenged her assumption that the achievements of our social services were a measure of the strength of our Christian faith. Certainly no man, to my knowledge, entitled to speak for this country 'has attempted to tamper with the wording of the Sermon on the Mount, as Hitler did'. But many people have drawn attention to the decline in common honesty and morals, in art and letters, which is so prominent a feature of the life of our generation. The Duchess would apparently deny that these manifestations are connected with the loss of Christian beliefs which, she seems to think, are still strong in this country. Whether she is right or not there must be many who are beginning to realise, in the light of recent history, that the immediate fate of our Christian civilisa-

tion depends on the maintenance of our Christian faith, undiluted by plausible substitutes.

Yours, etc.,

Portpatrick

J. D. BOYLE

Use and Abuse of Photography

Sir,—I agree with Mr. Hopkinson (*THE LISTENER*, April 19) about the photographic clichés that are purveyed to us in the name of art by various journals, but it seems a mistake on his part to pick out for criticism books written on special subjects, such as that of W. H. Murray.

Doubtless one mountain photograph is much the same as another to the non-climber, as one apparently featureless stretch of water is the same as another to a non-fisher, but to those interested, or prepared to be, in the relation of hill to hill, the special architecture of rock faces known or heard of or written about, and the snow conditions that from day to day alter the character of corrie and gully and ridge, the photographs in this book instead of being merely 'masses of rock and snow' do most adequately illustrate the text. They aim neither at 'an impression of achievement' nor the aesthetic perfection of abstract composition: the what, in these, matters more than the how, and so, for this purpose, it should.—Yours, etc.,
Glasgow

R. TEBBUTT

Eton Leaving Portraits

Sir,—The article by Julian Hall dealing with the exhibition at the Tate Gallery is of great interest, but the historical details regarding William Charles Cotton are incorrect. The facts regarding this Etonian are recorded on his memorial tablet which is cut into a pillar near the pulpit in the Ancient Parish Church at Frodsham, Cheshire, and read as follows:

Prodesse Conspici
Quam

In memory of
William Charles Cotton, M.A.,
sometime worker in New Zealand with
Bishop Selwyn.
Born 1814.

Vicar of this Parish from 1857 until his death
in 1879.

On the memorial tablet (under the text) there is a bee in relief, picked out in gold and silver. William Cotton was an authority on beekeeping, wrote several books on the subject, and introduced honey bees into New Zealand.—Yours, etc.,
Frodsham

ENID L. JONES

News Diary: April 25-May 1, 1951

Wednesday, April 25

Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Dean Acheson make statements about the world shortage of raw materials and international arrangements for their allocation

Communist pressure continues along western front in Korea

National Executive Committee of the Labour Party approves Budget and reaffirms support for defence programme

Thursday, April 26

United Nations forces withdraw to positions twenty miles north of Seoul

Government plans announced for helping to preserve houses of historic and architectural interest

Mr. Richard Stokes, formerly Minister of Works, appointed Lord Privy Seal

Friday, April 27

Persian Government resigns

French Government faces crisis after the Assembly has rejected a Bill for electoral reform

Their Majesties the King and Queen visit Cambridge

Saturday, April 28

Mr. Gromyko rejects revised draft agenda put forward by western representatives in Paris

Chancellor of the Exchequer makes a speech in Scotland replying to critics of the Budget

Newcastle United beat Blackpool 2—0 in Football Association Cup Final. Tottenham Hotspur become League Champions

Sunday, April 29

The Commander of the Eighth Army in Korea states that the Communists have failed in their attempt to encircle United Nations troops and have suffered severe casualties

First returns in the Australian General Election show that the Government has retained control of the House of Representatives with a reduced majority

French Government tables new Electoral Reform Bill

Monday, April 30

President Truman recommends to Congress that £2,000,000,000 shall be appropriated for defence in 1952

Persian Senate unanimously approves Bill to nationalise Anglo-Iranian Oil Company

Minister of Supply gives warning of low level of raw materials for steel making

Tuesday, May 1

Communist pressure before Seoul is reduced

House of Commons debates Opposition motion on defence production

Foreign Secretary makes statement about Anglo-Iranian Oil Company

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon

By W. B. SPRY

IN my hand now is a piece of brick which I brought from the ruins of Babylon, its bright blue enamelled face only slightly dimmed with the passage of some 3,000 years. It had provided decoration for the processional way which led through the heart of this most wonderful and most wealthy of the world's ancient cities. But, while nearly all the ruins are of brick made from the clay

removed, by arduous human labour, if the canal were still to convey the vital water, and not overflow, to swamp the surrounding fields, and drown the inhabitants. It is this silt which has created the whole of this alluvial plain, and can renew its fertility, but has at the same time formed the greatest difficulty in irrigation. For, as soon as the water is taken from the fast flowing river into the slow canal, the silt begins to deposit itself, and constitutes a constant problem. The canal bottom becomes filled higher and higher with silt until the canal will accept no further water from the river; then, with constant dredging through the years, the walls on each side become so high with the dredged mud that the further piling by human labour becomes impracticable. Thus the canal becomes dry, or breaks and overflows; and the fields go out of cultivation and the city starves; until the vast work of planning a new canal and providing the huge labour force is undertaken. So heavy indeed is the deposit of silt carried down by the rivers, that the delta extends some three miles further into the Persian Gulf each hundred years: in the days of Sinbad the port of Basrah from which he sailed may have been thirty miles nearer to the sea than it is today. And, when the Tigris is in flood, it carries so much matter in suspension, that, as I have lain in my bath in the stern-wheel river steamer, mud to the depth of two or three inches was deposited around me.

But there are problems in Mesopotamian irrigation other than the silt in the canals: in the early days of British rule there, after the Turks had been driven out, it seemed such an easy matter to bring hundreds of square miles of desert land under cultivation by merely leading a water channel from a little higher up the river, and this was begun on a large scale. Plenty of water was available, the land was easy to cultivate even with the native plough made of two crossed bits of wood drawn by an ox, donkey or camel; the corn quickly germinated, and soon the desert was covered in green; but within a few weeks, however plentiful the water, the green leaves faded, the plants died and the desert entered into its own again.



The ruins of Babylon: on the right is the Ishtar Gate, which was just outside the north-east corner of the citadel and gave access to the great processional way built by Nebuchadnezzar. The site of the Hanging Gardens is believed to be in the top left distance

deposited by the Great River, the most renowned edifice of Babylon, its Hanging Gardens, one of the seven ancient wonders of the world, were largely faced with hewn stone brought with immense labour from the hills, hundreds of miles away.

Terrace over terrace the gardens towered above the flat plain to a height of 350 feet, each stage with its scented flowers, gardens and shady trees, watered by flowing streams pumped from far below: all provided by Nebuchadnezzar for his Persian queen, who, in the intense heat of the plain, longed for the green foliage and cool winds of her native home in the far-distant Persian hills.

Stretching north and south from Babylon is the great Tigris-Euphrates valley, without mountain or hill to break the sky-line, the only eminences being the sites of other ancient cities in ruins, raised above the plain by themselves being built upon previous ruins. This alluvial plain, about 35,000 square miles in extent, forms over a sixth of the whole area of Iraq, or Mesopotamia, 'The Land between the Rivers'; and in the times of Harun-ar-Rashid, and the *Arabian Nights*, supported from five to ten times its present population, upon what was then its carefully cultivated and well-watered soil. And for thousands of years before it had been one of the greatest grain-growing lands in the world, upon which great civilisations had flourished, and had extended their empires over the whole early world, until neglect, abuse and wars had ruined its agriculture and destroyed its prosperity.

Babylon itself, for instance, once the heart of the greatest empire that the world had known, and surrounded by productive fields, now lies in desolate ruins, without water or cultivation. And, to me, as I approached it, most impressive were the immense mud walls towering up in front, far above the height of an ordinary house; at first sight they appeared to be the mighty ramparts of a ruined city; but as I passed through the successive walls, and saw them stretching away into the far distance, I soon observed that they were broken down canals which had brought water from the Great River to irrigate the surrounding lands and to supply the needs of a great population.

Their height is due to the mass of silt which had regularly to be



Hillah, on the Euphrates near Babylon: thought to be the site referred to in the quotation, 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept'

Photographs: W. B. Spry

For the lower soil is impregnated with salts brought down by the rivers through the ages, and mere irrigation is quite useless: if the land be flooded, the water simply evaporates in the dry air from the surrounding desert, assisted by an intense sun and a (hypothetical) 'shade' temperature of 130 degrees! and still more salt is left behind, sometimes leaving an encrusted salt lake, as if it were ice, over a large area. So the soil has to be repeatedly 'washed'; it has to be successively flooded, and then the salt-filled water pumped back to the river, before it has had time to evaporate and leave its salts behind, until at last the salt content of the soil is reduced to a quantity which vegetation will tolerate.

Vast areas of desert may thus be got back into cultivation; but one of the strange features of Mesopotamia is that extensive once-cultivated lands now lie overwhelmed by marsh and brackish lake (the great Hammar Lake, for instance, which produces very large and most excellent soles). These marshlands and lakes of the Euphrates, in which dwell the distinctive Marsh Arab race, originated from the breakdown of the previously highly developed irrigation and drainage system: a breakdown arising from sheer neglect, from lack of administrative energy, or from the ravages of war in which the embankments and headworks of the canals were destroyed by such enemies as Hulagu Khan, grandson of Genghiz, who sacked Baghdad, and turned the surrounding fat grainlands into sterile steppe and green meadows into stagnant marsh.

To recover these marshes will be a most difficult and costly feat, involving possibly the creation of polders, pumping on a considerable

scale, and the diversion of large rivers. But, once done, the resultant fertile soil with its ample water supply will well repay all the expense and labour. Even now Mesopotamia is far from being a desert land: from the mouth of the Shatt-al-Arab right up the fast flowing Tigris, for over 200 miles from the sea, the river banks on each side are clothed for many miles deep with a thick forest of carefully cultivated date palms, this fringe of deep green ending abruptly in the brown sands of the desert as the limits of irrigation channels are reached. The produce of these palms provides a very valuable export, for in August-September (when the damp and warm Khamsin, or 'date-ripeners', blows from the steaming waters of the Persian Gulf to bring ripened nectar to the fruit) lines of big ships lie for weeks along the course of the river, awaiting the embarkation of the luscious date, in order that it may be conveyed to its chief market in America with the loss of as little as possible of its honey-sweet juice: a freshly picked, fully ripe date will squelch in the mouth almost like a grape! In fact to the Arab in the less commercialised districts the month of the date harvest brings his nearest approach to Paradise on earth; he needs not to catch fish nor to till the soil, for if he lie under the shade of his date palm, his food almost literally drops into his mouth.

And some approach to an earthly paradise it is indeed possible to create in this land, which, though largely barren at present, first produced corn to make possible the earliest civilisation of the city states; and in which, at the confluence of the Great Rivers, extends the legendary site of the Garden of Eden.—*Home Service*

Short Story

The New Moon with the Old Moon in Her Arms

By DONALD WINDHAM

THINGS which she saw, the view from a window, trees and the night sky full of stars, took Alice's thoughts forward to events which would be. But music took her thoughts back into the past. Now she was sitting on one of the twin beds in her room of the apartment, leaning back against the headboard. She had been looking out of the window until a minute before, watching the February day fade to green in the west and listening to the wind rise. About her on the blue chenille spread, books and examination papers were scattered in the pale circle of light from the lamp on the table between the beds. She had glanced from one to the other, and when she had given up trying to concentrate on her work she had looked out of the window and thought about what she was going to do when the others came home. But, through the closed bedroom door, the rise and fall of music reached her from the front of the apartment where Pete was practising on the piano and she ceased either to think or to see. Occasionally the sound of the music was broken by the metallic clash of pots and pans against the stove in the kitchen where Thelma, the Negro cook, was preparing supper. But the sounds reminded her of nothing. They were merely sounds, orchestrated to the Chopin waltzes, and gradually the waxing memories in her obscured both sight and sound. She did not see the cold twilight outside the window darken until the bare branches of the trees waving in the wind and the telephone wires and tarpaper roofs were no longer visible. She was unaware that in the darkness there was as yet no moon. She did not even see the street lamp flash on at the corner of the block, lighting up the dark tree trunks and swaying branches. Her mind was lost in a tangle of music and memory.

Bright sunshine and moving translucent shadows had mottled the autumn-bright leaves of the trees when she moved into the Winters' apartment in the autumn. The brick apartment-house was four storeys high, unique in the neighbourhood of two-storey frame houses; through the top-storey windows over which no curtains hung, the sun streamed and reflected, mornings and afternoons, from the rugless parquet floors of parlour and dining-room, and she returned from teaching school each afternoon to find the windows dancing with sunshine and laughter.

The laughter was that of Pete and Thelma. Alice's room was in the back of the apartment, but as there was no one home in the afternoons but the Winters' youngest son and the Negro maid, Alice sometimes joined them. Pete would be playing the piano and Thelma would sing a bit of a song or dance a soft shoe shuffle between running back

and forth to the kitchen where she was readying supper. If Alice had no work to do she sat in the front room of the apartment also, flopped in the large overstuffed chair and hassock, her thin figure only a sickle curve against their soft expanse, and felt as much at home as she did in the country with her brothers and sisters.

The whole family returned in time for supper. The oldest son, Perrin, was full of life and Alice liked him. It had been his idea that the family should take in two young people to live with them, and he had chosen the two people, Alice with whom he had gone to college, and Edna who worked in the same office with him now. Only Edna seemed restrained in the easy family atmosphere, and often after supper instead of returning to the room which she shared with Edna, Alice would stay up front with the family. If she went back to the bedroom she would find Edna concentrating on whatever she was doing, brushing her hair or removing her make-up, and Edna would continue just as though Alice were not there. Edna was a little blonder and plumper and older than Alice, and she was more intense even when she was most impersonal. She paid a great deal of attention to her skin and her clothes. Sometimes she sat for half an hour at the dressing table massaging her face with creams, just as though Alice were not in the room, and on the evenings of days when she had worn her blue dress with the white cuffs and collar she would wash the collar and cuffs in the bathroom and hang them on a coathanger from the window shade so they would be fresh and white to wear the next morning. If Alice spoke to her she stopped whatever she was doing, turned away from the mirror or laid down her hairbrush to answer, but when she had answered she always returned to what she had been doing, and Alice felt that her having spoken had been an interruption. She felt that she should not speak unless there was something important to say, and there never was.

So she began to stay in the front of the apartment after supper and talk with Perrin. In the parlour old Mr. Winter read the evening newspaper or talked about money with his daughter while Pete studied, so Alice and Perrin would sit in the dining room at the cleared table and whisper about the past when they had been in college, or Alice would listen to Perrin's plans for the future when he would not work in an office but would be a success in a Noel Cowardish way. Alice liked Perrin and enjoyed talking with him more than with anyone else she knew. But her interest in him was only friendly, and after a while she realised that his mother thought that it was something more. It was

not the first time that someone had received this impression and she was annoyed. When she had first told her family that she was moving in with the Winters, her sisters had kidded her that she was in love with Perrin and for some reason their kidding had infuriated her. She had turned on them with an angry cry, in contrast to her usual mildness, and denounced them as a bunch of silly fools. It infuriated her for anyone to try to reduce all of life to the one desire of getting married. She loved children, and she would marry and have a large family, but she was capable of thinking and doing other things, she had told her sisters, and she was sorry for them if they were not.

With Perrin's mother, however, the accusation was subtler and more difficult for her to refute. Each evening when Pete finished his lessons his mother asked him to play 'Liebestraum', which was her idea of music classical enough for her to approve but sentimental enough for her to enjoy, and after that his grandfather usually insisted on 'I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen'. Then, although it was not later than nine-thirty, they would retire to their rooms and either listen to the radio in bed or go to sleep. Except for Pete in the parlour, Alice and Perrin would be left alone. But never for long. Always, after a few minutes, Mrs. Winter reappeared in her nightgown and told Pete that it was time everyone was in bed. Even after he obeyed her and retired to the sun-porch where he slept on a studio couch, she reappeared time and again on her way to the bathroom or the kitchen and when she saw Alice and Perrin she expressed great surprise that they were still up at such an hour. Perrin laughed at his mother and told Alice that it was just her way. But Alice was upset by the insinuation.

She spoke of this to Edna one night when she returned to their room, annoyed by Mrs. Winter's third trip to the kitchen in half an hour, but Edna merely replied:

'Oh, all that one's worried about is saving on the light bill'.

'Nevertheless, it makes me darned mad', Alice said. 'I don't want her son. And now I want to write out a cheque to send for a ticket to the concert at the City Auditorium next month and I don't dare go back up front where I've left my pen'.

'Just a minute', Edna said, 'and I'll lend you mine'.

She got out of bed, slipped on her dressing robe, and crossed the room to the chiffonier where she kept her hand mirror, her comb and cosmetics. When she found her pen and gave it to Alice, she said:

'If you like, why don't you send for two tickets and we can go to the concert together. I can give you the money for mine now and you can pay for them both with one cheque'.

So it had been arranged that Alice and Edna would go to the concert together. A more friendly atmosphere reigned in their room and Alice preferred to stay there after supper instead of submitting herself to Mrs. Winter's spying. But one night, a week before the concert, Edna did not come home to supper, and when they had eaten Alice stayed up front with Perrin. After everyone else was in bed they were in the kitchen standing by the stove and drinking a pot of cocoa which they had made, when Alice said:

'I wonder what's happened to Edna. She didn't say anything about not coming home to supper and she's still out'.

Perrin grinned over his cup.

'She didn't say anything about not coming home to sleep, either, but she probably won't'.

'Why won't she?' Alice asked, pouring the last of the cocoa from the pot into their cups.

'I mean that it's about time for her to sleep out again'.

'Sleep out where?' Alice asked.

She did not comprehend his insinuation. Edna had told her that she had been transferred to the office from another state and that she had no family in the city. As far as Alice saw, she had no close friends either, and her mind closed on Perrin's remark as a hand closes on emptiness.

'Well, she doesn't say', Perrin answered setting his cup down in the sink, 'but you can be sure that it's not in some hotel room alone'.

Alice smiled as it seemed to her that he was smiling and carefully crossed to the sink and set her cup beside his. Then she said that, in any case, it was late and she would have to be up early in the morning. She hurried out of the kitchen and down the hall, no longer smiling and not trusting herself in her anger to look back at Perrin. The apartment had never seemed bare to her until then, but as she passed down the long hall, empty except for the telephone table in the middle of its length and for the pale flowered wallpaper on either wall, scratched and dirty where furniture too wide for it had been carried in and out, the apartment had suddenly looked sordid and barren.

She was glad to reach the bedroom where Edna had put up white tie-back curtains. Hurriedly, she undressed and tried not to think of what Perrin had said. But instead of going to sleep she waited for the sound of Edna's return to the apartment. It was not her business what Edna did, she told herself, and it ought not to upset her even if the thing which Perrin had said were to be true. Yet for some reason she was wildly determined not to believe it. And she awoke in the morning with a start and turned her head quickly to look with dismay at the empty, unslept-in bed at her side.

That evening Edna came home to supper, but there was no talk of her having been away the night before. At the supper table the conversation centred on the change in the weather. It was the first winter day. The temperature had dropped that morning, the sun had risen silver instead of gold and had remained frozen high in the sky all afternoon. Alice listened carefully all through the meal to hear if Edna would give some account of her absence or if it would be mentioned by the family. But nothing was talked about except the weather, and for the last half of the meal old Mr. Winter read aloud an editorial from the evening newspaper. There was nothing for Alice to do but to assume that what Perrin had said was true and that a silent accord existed among everyone not to mention it.

Monday night she and Edna left the apartment together and went across town to the City Auditorium. As they walked up the block to catch the streetcar, Edna put her arm through Alice's arm, and Alice would have been delighted if she had not been terrified that the intimacy meant that Edna might make a confidante of her. At the intermission as they stood together in the lobby she laughed loudly even before she heard what Edna was saying, as though the real cause of her emotion were in something which must always exceed acknowledgment or expression, and on the way back to the apartment she shivered with something more than the cold blasts of wind blowing against them. Edna had been so abrupt, so direct in her intimacy, that Alice could not be sure that Edna really liked her. It must have been friendliness, however, rather than a love of music which has prompted Edna's coming to the concert with her, for Edna had listened to the music with somewhat the same cold formality with which she attended the supper table at the apartment. And as they walked along the sidewalk, holding the collars of their coats together for protection against the wind, Alice made an effort against her instinct not to hear what Edna was saying, against her fear that suddenly and without warning Edna was going to tell her something that she did not want to hear. She did not want life to be dramatic. She did not want to have to approve or disapprove. Yet despite her effort she could hardly believe her ears when, as they were standing on the traffic island at Five Points waiting for their streetcar, Edna said:

'I wish I were as content as you are. I'd like never to look at a man again, but just to go to concerts for the rest of my life. I mean it. But I guess I'm just not cut out to be a bachelor girl'.

The wind was whipping her coat skirts about her legs and Alice looked down at her feet as she held her coat close about her and answered:

'Shucks, I don't know what makes you think I'm satisfied'.

Before she was over the unreasonable panic which had seized her at so simple a statement, the streetcar was before them, they were ready to get on, and Edna had replied:

'Well, all I can say is that you're a hell of a lot more satisfied than I am'.

The car rattled them across town; they hurried down the hill to the apartment and up the stairs to their room. All the while they were talking, but Alice hardly knew what she was saying. She talked only so that no pause would come in which she would have to think back over what had been said before.

After the light was out she lay in bed planning to say something to Edna which would make everything all right, but she was not sure what it was which was wrong, and like a grief without a pang her anxiety found no outlet. After a long time she went to sleep. In the middle of the night she awoke suddenly and lay awake again for a long time in the dark. But she did not know what thought had awakened her, and finally she turned her face into her pillow and smothered her consciousness back into oblivion.

The next day her realisation of what occurred around her seemed to fade the way the sun had faded a week before. A mist seemed to separate her from everyone about her. At school, all afternoon she waited as though something violently important was going to happen in the evening. But in the evening she was as vague as ever. At the supper

table she had to be asked twice to pass the biscuits. And after supper when she was alone in the bedroom with Edna, although she realised that Edna took her vagueness for unfriendliness and was unfriendly in return, still she could not look in Edna's direction. She undressed hurriedly, called goodnight in a voice suddenly too loud, and lay in bed with her back to the light.

The next night Edna failed to return home again and the scene which occurred at the supper table began to dissolve the mist about her. The silences and veiled allusions were gone. The family spoke out openly before her.

'Well, I guess there'll be an extra dessert for someone tonight', Mrs. Winter said. 'It looks like Miss Edna is sleeping out again'.

Alice stared at her plate, knowing that Mrs. Winter was watching her. 'I guess if we don't want to be left out of things you and I will just have to go out and get ourselves a man too, Alice', she continued. 'Especially you. I've already had one, so there's no chance of my being left an old maid. But I think either one of us could do better than her, don't you? At least we could get ourselves an unmarried one'.

Pete asked: 'How do you know he's married if you've never seen him?'

Perrin turned on his mother, saying: 'Now do you see what I mean about little pitchers having big ears?'

And old Mr. Winter shouted: 'Leave the table, young man. Leave the table!'

Alice left the table first. Unreasonable hate for the whole family

filled her, and she wished that she could shout and defend Edna against them even though she had never defended Edna in her own heart. But she hurried back to her room. She did not come out again that night and this morning she had left the house without seeing or speaking to anyone.

Now the music brought it all back to her as she sat leaning against the headboard of the bed, looking across the room and out of the window at the branches swaying in the rising wind. But the main thing in her mind was something which had never been there before. Tears welled in her eyes as she looked down at the books and examination papers scattered about her on the blue chenille spread and tried to escape the thought. But escape was not possible. Why did the same idea occur to all of them? What was it that made all of them have such a different idea of her than she had of herself? Perhaps she was wrong about them. If she was so different from the way she seemed to them perhaps they were different from the way they seemed to her. But such thoughts did no good. Something would have to happen. Edna would come home any minute now, the family would arrive, and they would all meet at the table for supper. But there was no longer any use in trying to deceive herself that it was about Edna or the family or supper that she was thinking. They were wrong. She loved children and would marry and have a large family. And as she sat looking across the room and out of the window, she watched the new moon rise before her in the sky with the old moon in its arms, rimmed with a silver thread and circled by a phantom ring of light.

Mind and Matter—III. Symbols and Patterns

(continued from page 711)

of the sensory impressions through the magnetic field of the artist's personality, and this is literally true, since we can regard the artist's personality in neurophysiological terms as the resultant of the extremely complex electrical forces of his brain. 'I never saw a sunset like that, Mr. Turner', said the lady. 'Don't you wish you could, Madam!' replied Turner. But when we see a sunset the result is not just a sunset, it is a sunset plus something in us. And a sunset plus Turner's lady questioner did not equal a sunset plus Turner. 'A fool', says Blake, 'sees not the same tree that a wise man sees', which is literally true.

The subjective element is even more prominent in abstract or non-representational art, in which, as Herbert Read puts it, 'feeling is contemplated, but not within a philosophical frame of reference which lays down what the world is, or what it should be'. Herbert Read quotes Tolstoy's definition of art: 'To evoke in oneself a feeling one has experienced, and having evoked it in oneself, then by means of movement, lines, colours, sounds, or forms expressed in words so to transmit that feeling that others experience the same feeling—this is the activity of art. Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that others are infected by these feelings and also experience them'. This is the expression in psychological terms of the process which I have been describing in terms of neurophysiology. Each account is valid in its own sphere and they illuminate each other, provided each takes its proper place in a theory of knowledge which can find room for both.

In conclusion, may I make a few brief comments on the sort of world we find ourselves in if the ideas I have been discussing are true? First, what is the distinction between mind and matter? This is, more perhaps than we have been accustomed to think, a question of terminology. If, following custom, we describe thought and feeling as mental, I see no reason to exclude from that term any conscious state, and I would accept the definition of Russell who said: 'I hold that whatever we know without inference is mental'. It follows that mental experiences are the events in the universe of which we have the most direct knowledge. But, you may ask, if we accept neutral monism and say that the mind and the brain are two aspects of the same thing, is not this merely old-fashioned materialism brought up-to-date? But if the stuff of the universe that we know directly is mind, and matter is the same thing known only by means of conceptual symbols created by mind, it would seem at least as reasonable to call it mind as to call it matter. And matter, even crude matter, is not what it was. It has turned into energy, and the atom has become a pattern and the molecule a pattern of patterns, till all the different physical substances and their behaviour

have come to be regarded as the outcome of the structure of their primitive components. But we have already met with pattern in the nervous system, underlying and rendering possible the most fundamental characteristics of the mind. And pattern in some mysterious way possesses a life of its own, for it can survive a change in the identity of its component parts as long as its structure remains the same. As a wave can move over the sea and remain the same wave, though the water of which it is composed is continuously changing, a pattern can shift over the retina and therefore over the visual area of the brain and remain recognisably the same pattern. The pattern of our personality, though it changes slowly, remains substantially the same, though every protein molecule in the body, including the nervous system, is changed three times a year. The ingredients have altered but not the structure.

How are we to envisage the physiological patterns upon which mental activity depends? Pitts and McCulloch have employed complex mathematical formulae to explain the physiological basis of abstract thought, and I do not think that anything simpler will serve. Consider what happens in the brain when we perceive a circle. As I have said elsewhere, 'We might expect to find that there is something circular about the events in the cerebral cortex, for it is these, we are told, which are "projected" into the outside world when we perceive a circle. Nothing of the sort is true. . . . When we perceive a two-dimensional circle we do so by means of an activity in the brain which is halved, reduplicated, transposed, inverted, distorted and three-dimensional'. One might add that as no two brains are the same shape, the shape of the physiological disturbance is different in two people looking at the same circle. So the comparatively simple process of seeing a circle cannot be explained in terms of the spatial organisation of the corresponding activity in the brain: it must, presumably, depend upon the development of complex relationships of these events in space and time which we may find can be expressed only mathematically. Once again it is structure, which is all-important. This world surely is very different from the world of the older materialists.

One last word. Our knowledge, as we have seen, is symbolic: our knowledge of the external world is based on perceptions which depend upon the physical structure of the sense-organs and nervous system. This in itself constitutes a limit to our perceptions; and it is likely enough that it sets bounds to our thought also. Need we believe that a nervous system evolved to facilitate action upon the physical world is capable of presenting the mind with conceptual symbols adequate for the whole of reality? He is a bold man who would claim that

today.—*Third Programme*

The Week's Work in the Garden

By F. STREETER

I HAVE never seen anything grow so quickly as the Lily of the Valley this year. Despite all the previous rain and the beating down of the soil, they came through like giants: but you will help them if you give them a little top dressing with sifted leaf-soil, before the leaves uncurl. Always be careful when you are picking the flowers not to pull the plant up; the roots are only just under the surface.

You can now begin to get out the half-hardy plants. Properly hardened, they will stand a little cold, but we should not get anything in the weather line to hurt them now. First prepare the ground well. If you have a mixed border that was forked over earlier in the spring, just fork it again lightly. And leave it for several hours to dry before raking it down into a fine tilth; it always pays to make a good job of this. Make a hole with a trowel several sizes larger than the ball of soil on the plant, which should be carefully lifted from the frame or box. Make sure all the plants are really moist at the root; never put in a dry one, and if you find the soil in the box dry, put it on one side, and thoroughly water it and allow it to drain off before you take the plants out. If the roots are moist there is no need to water them in; anyway, that is not a good practice at this time of the year. You want your surface soil fine and loose, though the plants themselves must be planted firmly. Press the soil round the plants with your two hands—don't trust to the trowel, as you may not put sufficient pressure on it—and always make sure not to damage the stems. Last week I saw a young fellow in London planting some pansies out of a dry box. He gave one dig with a trowel, took hold of the leaves and flowers and pulled them out of the box—ugh, terrible! After months of care and attention to receive that treatment just when the plants were starting to flower and show their beauty was really too bad. Do give everything a fair chance by careful treatment.

One of the first plants to go out is the antirrhinum. I notice an extra supply of them about this year; so don't let them get hard and starved. Don't stop them, either, but try to get an early spike and then cut that off immediately it has finished flowering. This will give all the side shoots a good chance to push on, and the last display will be better than the first. Always plant your antirrhinums in good groups, never singly. If you have a dry wall, drop a few seeds in the joins between the stones (you will be surprised how well the flowers thrive and flower).

You can also put out your early summer-flowering chrysanthemums rooted this spring. Harden them off first by giving them full air for a week or so before planting. Allow them fifteen inches

each way in the rows. By getting them out now you will save yourself a lot of work, and perhaps worry, later on. Do the ground as well as you can, and a little sprinkling of dried blood around the roots will help

the plants on their way. If you leave them in the box too long they may become infected with leaf miner and lose their bottom leaves.

Take my tip and have a batch or two of double gallardia mixed. You never saw such a show as they make, and for the small border they are very hard to beat; and yet you seldom see them. Don't mix them with the singles. The sooner you get the hollyhocks out, the quicker you will have your display. Never let them suffer in the pots or boxes; the roots like to work and become strong before they start throwing up their spikes—and what spikes they are—seven to nine feet high! Planted now there is much less chance of their becoming infected with rust. Give them at least two feet apart in the border.

Here are some quick tips for the week. Get your geraniums and fuchsias hardened off. Sow your sunflowers in

a sheltered spot. Don't forget to take out the over seed stalk from your rhubarb. Watch everything likely to have greenfly, and spray with insecticide at once.—Home Service

Speaking in the Home Service about chrysanthemums, JOHN WOOLMAN said: 'It is well known by growers of indoor varieties that the first crown contains many more petals than subsequent buds, and in the case of large exhibition varieties some contain as many as 1,600 petals on the first crown. If that same variety were flowered on second crowns there would be approximately 400 fewer petals, and a still greater ratio reduction on terminal buds. A particular variety may have far too many petals to finish its centre and make a good exhibition flower. So a second crown with reduced petals finishes into a perfect flower with an ideal centre.'

'With regard to outdoor chrysanthemums, in days gone by, older growers used to advise cutting back the stem of a young plant—a method not now used. Modern methods allow the plant to show its growing laterals before you make the first pinch. This results in a better and freer crop. Outdoor varieties may be divided into two classes—short break and long break. This means that short break kinds will show laterals from ground level upwards, while the long break varieties may grow to fifteen or eighteen inches before making laterals. The reason why early varieties are not stopped or pinched until laterals grow is to ensure a full natural crop. This is a much better system than cutting the plant partly back in order to try to produce laterals. It is a mistake to think that cut-back plants will flower earlier. Nearly all outdoor varieties are flowered on first crown buds, and this means that very few varieties are over-full in petals. Many amateurs complain that outdoor varieties do not flower until frost is upon them. The reason for this is that first crown buds are not secured and laterals run on to a second crown which does not develop buds in time'.



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'TRUTH AND *ahimsa* will never be destroyed, but if Gandhism is another name for sectarianism, it deserves to be destroyed. . . . Let no one say that he is a follower of Gandhi'. In spite of that warning, the legend grows, the disciples declare the gospel, the sanctification is already taking place. Madeleine Slade, the daughter of a British admiral, heard the call twenty-seven years ago, left the bourgeois shelter of Campden Hill, dispossessed herself of all worldly vanities, shaved her head, and became a humble and obedient servant of the Ashram (the ascetic settlement of adobe, without furniture or decorations of any kind, in which Gandhi habitually lived). Long before she saw Gandhi, she was impelled towards him by an unknown power. When, after a year of preparation (physical and spiritual) she at last stood before him, she was 'so completely overcome with reverence and joy' that she 'could see and feel nothing but a heavenly light. I fell on my knees at Bapu's feet. He lifted me up and taking me in his arms said, "You shall be my daughter"'. She goes on in the familiar ecstatic strain of the mystics:

With boundless joy and energy, I started on my pilgrimage. Numberless times have I slipped and stumbled. Many have been the bruises and cuts. Bitter have been the tears with which I have watered the path, and once or twice the clouds have come down on the mountain and I have all but lost my way. But Bapu's love has at last led me out upon the upper pastures, where God's peace fills the sweet mountain air.

She became Mira, for in most religions the initiated are renamed. Gandhi became Bapu, and the letters which record their long association are spiritual love letters, and called such by Gandhi. But they are concerned for the most part with the unexciting details of the daily life of a modern prophet (correspondence, committees, conferences), aptly illustrating one of Gandhi's aphorisms quoted by Mr. Duncan: 'Monotony is the law of nature . . . the monotony of necessary occupation is exhilarating and law-giving'. But they also throw much light on the character of this strange and great man, showing with what singular consistency he lived for the truth, and inevitably died 'that we might be turned from the evil path of hatred, greed, violence and untruth'.

Mr. Duncan's selection has been well made, and it is a pleasure for once to have Gandhi's writings decently printed—though Gandhi himself would have considered a love of good typography as sinful—'all attachment to the senses is death'. The selections begin with what is basic in Gandhi's doctrines—the gospel of selfless actions derived from the *Bhagavad Gita*. From this gospel there naturally evolves Satyagraha, the philosophy of non-violence, and to this gospel, with its practical effects in politics, is properly given the most substantial section of the volume. Finally comes Brahmacharya, the gospel of chastity, and there are further sections which give extracts from Gandhi's Diary during the last months of his life, and from his correspondence with Lord Linlithgow. Finally, there is a selection of detached aphorisms.

Mr. Duncan suggests that 'the highest contribution Gandhi made to twentieth-century thought was his insistence on the need for a

lower standard of living, in opposition to the western notion that progress lies in an accumulation of material prosperity'. This seems to be a curiously materialistic conclusion for one who believes that our European culture can only be saved by 'a spiritual impulse'. Gandhi's importance, like Tolstoy's, surely lies in his fearless preaching of the doctrine of non-violence, his belief that permanent good can never be the outcome of force. In this he claimed to be (and proved himself to be) more than a visionary. 'I am not a visionary. I claim to be a practical idealist. The religion of non-violence is not meant merely for the *rishis* and saints. It is meant for the common people as well. Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute, and he knows no law but that of physical might. The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law—to the strength of the spirit'.

Gandhi devoted the greater part of his teaching to the elucidation of this universal truth. Other aspects of his teaching must seem, at any rate for most western minds, less compelling: his indifference to beauty, his morbid denial of the sexual instinct ('If the observance of Brahmacharya—chastity—should mean the end of the world, that is none of our business'), his worship of the cow ('a poem of pity'). But Gandhi was well aware of his own inconsistencies, and with inborn humility did not insist on an intellectual acceptance of any of his doctrines. 'Patient example is the only possible method to effect a reform'.

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Years later they at last reached New York. On the eve of their first performance they were frightened and angry. The management had treated them with contempt as 'a roughhouse'. A new kind of audience awaited them without pity. 'Bookers, agents and Broadway-wise spectators gathered . . . for the death-watch'. As the brothers went on, Chico gave them their watchword, 'We'll kick their teeth in'. They did so, and reduced the audience to abject and clamorous surrender. Groucho, surveying the audience with cold contempt, announced, 'What'd I tell you?—hicks'.

Their New York success coincided with the great financial crash of 1929. Amid a chaos that spread across continents their lunacy was both a relief from the nightmare and an artistic summation of it all. Robert Benchley, Heywood Brown, Dorothy Parker, Walter Winchell, Marc Connelly and Alexander Woolcott were among the crowds who swarmed in their dressing-rooms. A Hollywood contract followed, and the cinema made them the world's property.

Mr. Kyle Crichton, a close friend of the family, tells their story as devoutly as if he were recounting a religious legend. He makes much of their immigrant German upbringing (Papa Marx appears on the scene to exclaim 'Donnerwetter und Gott tamm'), and his method of story-telling is embarrassingly *gemütlich*.

Nevertheless, everything one wants is in the book. The manner of growth of their act can be traced: first, the traditional vaudeville team, with Groucho as the Smart-Aleck, Chico as the comic 'Wop' and Harpo as the immemorial 'Hayseed'; then the dreary years on tour and, at last, with the first taste of success in New York, Groucho, who has hitherto lived within a mental shell and dreamed of studying medicine, is suddenly inspired to add the ultimate and decisive ingredient—the force of his sardonic intellect. There is the magnificent Minnie Marx, with enough ambition for her five unambitious boys, doggedly rehearsing them, haunting the managers' offices on their behalf, losing the family's last thirty dollars cent by cent in slot machines and, in the days of her prosperity, driving about in a limousine with potted plants and curtains at its windows. There are scenes as insane and hilarious as anything the Marx brothers have done on the films, and always there is Groucho. 'Your eyes', he murmurs to a stage-lady-love, 'shine like the pants of a blue serge suit'. Was there ever a wickeder thrust against literary extravagance?

Overseas Settlement: Migration from the United Kingdom to the Dominions

By G. F. Plant. Oxford. 16s.

In view of recent discussions of the merits and disadvantages of planned migration within the Commonwealth, this new study is most welcome. It is particularly useful in that the author has directly in mind the more practical aspects of the question and is specially fitted to deal with them, since he was in turn Secretary to the Overseas Settlement Committee and to the Overseas Settlement Board. Thus while the book is essentially a survey of the history of assisted migration, with only a small section dealing specifically with the problem in the present setting, the historical analysis is throughout informed by the writer's actual experience of the development of Commonwealth migration policy between the wars. The result is to provide, in compact form, a very useful commentary on the main lines of policy since 1815, on the changing relationships between the Dominions and the United Kingdom in the evolution of that policy, and on the translation of policy into concrete measures to promote and direct movement to various parts of the Empire.

The book begins with a condensed account of migration prior to 1815. Developments during the nineteenth century are then examined against the differing views of Horton and of Wakefield. The main discussion is, however, given over to the period from 1917—when the Dominions Royal Commission reported, leading to the formation of the Overseas Settlement Committee and, in 1922, to the promulgation of the Overseas Settlement Act—until 1939, after the schemes of assisted migration had met the barrier of economic depression in overseas countries. For this period Mr. Plant gives considerable detail, covering the numerous migration schemes promoted in collaboration with overseas governments and with non-governmental organisations. At the same time he shows the emphasis, in such schemes, on migrants for agriculture and



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domestic service and gives a very fair account of the failure of many individual agricultural projects in particular, such schemes in Australia caused much complaint from the migrants, as well as an expenditure widely out of proportion to the numbers of persons actually settled under the given plans. Thus one scheme, costing some £5,000,000, and designed to settle 10,000 persons on their own farms, ended in 'the settlement of 50 migrants on farms and a few hundreds in businesses or in private employment which they found for themselves'. Yet the total number of individuals who were helped to emigrate to Empire countries was very substantial—over 400,000 in the period 1922-23. Mr. Plant stresses this fact, in contrast to the failure of specific agricultural schemes. But there is little discussion of the ways in which these large numbers of migrants were absorbed, though their experience might provide important clues to future policy.

It is here, and in considering the present situation and future possibilities, that the limitations of the primarily practical approach—followed not only by Mr. Plant but also in the main by the governments of which he writes—become most evident. For when the author says that the historical survey yields 'certain broad conclusions . . . which should help towards the framing of a policy for the future', these conclusions are of an administrative rather than of a more broadly practical character. And while it is clearly of great importance to have information on the usefulness of group schemes as compared with 'individual infiltration', of assisted passages and of Empire reciprocity in matters of social insurance, there are other, no less important aspects of the migration process on which the administrative approach cannot of itself give much help. Far more attention needs to be given to the question of the economic capacity to absorb immigrants—the widely quoted figure of 2 per cent. per year total population increase as suggesting an upper limit derives too simply from the historical statistics to be accepted as having a fundamental significance.

Similarly, the question of capital export as a correlative of migration has scarcely been studied in a way which would allow the formulation at present of a detailed programme showing what capital requirements would be involved in a long-term migration policy. These are defects of the subject as a whole, and Mr. Plant certainly cannot be blamed for them. Nevertheless they mean that this new study, interesting and valuable though it is within its own limits, must fail to answer some of the most important questions.

The Reform of the Law. By Members of the Haldane Society. Edited by Professor Glanville Williams. Gollancz. 18s.

This is a valuable book. For the first time a group of lawyers have surveyed English law as a whole and made proposals for reform. As was to be expected from members of the Haldane Society, the tendency is definitely left; Labour Governments can do nothing but good in the eyes of the authors.

'The time has come for a new Benthamist epoch' is the challenging plea of this book. This new epoch is to come, according to the authors, mainly from the establishment of a Ministry of Justice, presided over by a Cabinet Minister. Unlike the Haldane Committee on the Machinery of Government of 1918, the authors would like to see such a Ministry formed out of the Lord Chancellor's department. But in this book the main objection to a Ministry of Justice is not adequately faced, namely the risk of excessive

political influence in making appointments to the Bench. Such a Ministry would have to contain many eminent barristers and there would always be a danger lest the immense patronage of the political head of the Ministry might result in dubious appointments. France has had much unfortunate experience of this kind.

Some of the authors' proposals are unlikely to be carried out. Thus, believing that County Courts are 'comparatively cheap' and 'speedy', they recommend that both divorce jurisdiction and the matrimonial work of Magistrates' Courts should be transferred to County Courts. But magistrates are infinitely more in touch with the people than are County Court judges and Magistrates' Courts really are cheap, simple and speedy. Another proposal of this kind is to raise the age of criminal responsibility to fourteen and that 'administrative bodies' should have jurisdiction over offenders below that age.

'Many lawyers appear almost to take a pride in their ignorance of psychology' is a statement that is all too true. It is recommended that both the criminal Bench and advocates in criminal courts should be trained in penology, which includes some branches of psychology. Another bold suggestion is that 'sentencing boards' should undertake the work of both investigating and sentencing serious offenders after they have been found guilty.

Some of the ideas expressed in this book will appear iconoclastic. Thus wigs and gowns must disappear from our courts, 'K.C.s with all their special privileges must be abolished', there must be 'a considerable degree of fusion' between barristers and solicitors and Inns of Court must produce balance sheets, and cease to admit barristers and to have control over them.

Another statement that seems unreal is that 'the police force should be enlarged'. All Commissioners of Police are at their wits' ends to know how to do this. Increased pay has had no great effect. The poor recruiting in police forces is one of the regrettable results of the policy of Full Employment, for so many rival opportunities exist that do not have the drawback of constant discipline and night duty.

All those who are either concerned with the law or interested in its working should study this stimulating book.

Stanislavsky. A Life

By David Magarshack.

Macgibbon and Kee. 25s.

Beneath the somewhat ponderous edifice of his celebrated 'system', Stanislavsky himself has so far remained buried. Hearing his sermons, we have been unable to discover what manner of man it was who preached them; with that air almost of the dictator. In the present volume, however, much that is intimate about the preacher is revealed for the first time; and because, fortunately, the author has a sense of the truth, as well as a sense of humour, what we now learn is not only interesting but surprising too.

Anyone who imagines Stanislavsky, the founder of the great Moscow Art Theatre, to have been a sensitive producer from the start, will have a rude awakening. Indeed it seemed, during the earlier part of his career, that the passion (it was nothing less) he had for novelettish plays which afforded him an opportunity of creating stage illusions more suitable to a professional conjurer, would keep him from attempting anything better. Like Sir Henry Irving he loved himself as producer of, and actor in, 'The Bells'. The trouble with Shakespeare, he found, was that the text got in the way. And Chekhov's plays, although he later made them famous in Russia and throughout Europe, for some time completely bewildered him. How inadequately he began by serving the distinguished dramatist, the dramatist himself

makes clear in a letter he wrote to Gorky, after seeing Stanislavsky as Trigorin in 'The Seagull': ' . . . walked about and talked as though he were paralysed; he has "no will of his own", so the actor interpreted that in such a way that it made me sick to look at him'.

There are times, especially when Stanislavsky is declaiming his gospel of art in the theatre, that the reader must feel sympathy for those actors who found him difficult to work with; chiefly on account of the experiments he was always making, in which he used them as puppets. He could be absurdly narrow-minded too, as when he declared any kind of flirtation between members of his company to be taboo: 'Real love—by all means, for real love raises you up. Shoot yourself for a woman, drown yourself, die if you must! But I shall not tolerate any superficial titillation of the emotions, for that merely creates a vulgar atmosphere and pulls you down'.

Oddly enough, it is when he is outside the theatre—the theatre that he believed to be his whole life—that Stanislavsky comes most alive for us. The kind of thing he 'could write to a friend while on holiday, at once makes him human, even endearing: 'Last night a mouse would not let me sleep. I knocked and shouted, but it was no use. At last I started miaowing and scratching the sheet like a cat. At once everything grew quiet and I fell asleep. Don't you think I ought to take out a patent for my new invention against mice and rats?' This is the story of a man, not naturally gifted, who through taking immense pains taught himself how to produce plays.

The Poems of Alexander Pope.

Vol. III. i. An Essay on Man

Edited by Maynard Mack.

Methuen. 30s.

'It is ironical', says Dr. Mack at the close of his introduction, 'that the poem of Pope's which is most perfect in its formal unity and most impressive in its theme should be the one least known in our age, as we grow increasingly aware of the value of his other works'. One reason for this may be that Dr. Johnson underestimated the poem because of his distaste for its central doctrine; but neglect on the part of the layman is more probably due to the fact that Pope can be all too easily quoted against himself. That he was the poet of 'what oft was thought' and believed that 'whatever is, is right' are half-truths which have been damaging to the reputation of this poem in particular. The doctrines of Pope's theodicy are not, of course, original—in what poetic theodicy have they ever been so?—but the selection of material, its arrangement, and the clarity and intellectual strength of the writing are all Pope's own.

Dr. Mack devotes the greater part of his long and absorbing introduction to an analysis of the way Pope develops his theme, and especially to the emotional promptings which led to variations in tone, texture and emphasis in different parts of the poem. He points out that all the theodicies are by nature dogmatic, and that the varied qualities of Pope's poetry render the dogmatism inherent in his subject matter less obtrusive than in most works of this kind. Pope, he says, was 'more warmly interested by the ethics of Christianity than by the dogmas whose divisive consequences he could see in society around him, as well as in his own incapacitated lot'. Dr. Mack's introduction is far more than an exegesis: it restores 'An Essay on Man' to its proper perspective as a poem, and if only for that reason should be read by all who are interested in Pope's work.

Since this volume belongs to what will

eventually be the definitive critical edition of Pope it is inevitable that in the text Dr. Mack's notes encroach rather heavily on the poem itself, and the general reader may wish less intervention from the editor as he pursues the poet's

closely knit thought. On the other hand notes are the proper place for 'sources' and 'parallels', and had Dr. Mack not used them fully for this purpose he would have been forced to curtail the more broadly critical parts

of his introduction, which would have been a loss indeed. In any case the lay-out of the page and the format of the edition as a whole are so attractive that even the non-specialist reader would hardly have it otherwise.

New Novels and Short Stories

Knight's Gambit. By William Faulkner. Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d.

Borrowed Time. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Grey Walls. 12s. 6d.

Arrow to the Heart. By Albrecht Goes. Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.

The Broken Root. By Arturo Barea. Faber. 15s.

The Face of Innocence. By William Sansom. Hogarth. 9s. 6d.

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S newest volume is a set of detective stories, a continuation, or a series of after-thoughts to his *Intruder in the Dust*. Though he brings something of his own manner to the treatment of the form, it remains a question whether he makes anything better of it than other writers have done—a question best answered, I think, by a look at his hero. The detective is today's Galahad or Lancelot. Gavin Stevens, Faulkner's paladin of justice and detection, belongs to the same shelf as the other descendants of Sherlock Holmes. A graduate of Harvard and Heidelberg, he is perpetually toying with his Phi Beta Kappa key and his 'dime corn-cob pipe'. He is garrulous, acute, absent, with 'a thin quick face and a shock of premature white hair' and 'a bland immediate quick fantastic voice'. 'Hearing it', so his nephew thinks, 'was like listening not even to fiction but to literature'. (The emphasis is mine). Like all detectives, Gavin has his mystery, his foible, not in his case a cult of the violin or the collection of incunabula, but a translation, 'the rendering of the Old Testament back into the classic Greek into which it had been translated from its lost Hebrew infancy'. To this task he retires 'once a week always, shutting the door behind him, nor man, woman nor child, client, well-wisher or friend to touch even the knob until he turned it from inside'.

Of course Gavin Stevens has a buried past, an unhappy love-affair which floats to the surface in the story which gives the book its title, the longest, most ambitious and least successful of the lot. It is based on a set of characters from the later D. H. Lawrence, a spoiled rich girl, a pretty fading mama, a vicious young brother, and the Stranger, the Horseman, the virility symbol from the hard, Latin south. While the other stories are written with comparative directness, 'Knight's Gambit' is written in pure Faulknerese. The deliberate change of style is striking, and its motive must be curious. It does not help the story. The action, continually arrested in a spate of words, acquires a mesmeric intensity which the event rarely justifies. Faulkner seems to conceive of style as an impediment, whose positive importance as a virtue in itself must be emphasised by its clumsiness. Yet he writes with the simplicity of spirit that has always inspired affection; and he writes about the only world known to his novels, the Deep South. Regional novelists are a region in themselves, with Hardy as the solitary eminence. Faulkner belongs, with Mary Webb and Mauriac, to the lower slopes. Even so, *Knight's Gambit* is not representative of his best, nor even a good introduction to it. It is in no way a remarkable volume, except as the latest product of one of the latest Nobel prize-winners.

As a writer Faulkner lacks that edge of irony, that delicacy which is strength in the great novelists. Something of it is intermittently present in the work of Scott Fitzgerald. I had not previously read any of Fitzgerald's short

stories, but the present selection, made by Alan and Jennifer Ross, seems to me as a whole to make a greater impression than *The Great Gatsby*, which is generally accounted his best work. None of these stories of the American 'twenties could quite be described as a masterpiece, but they must have gained rather than lost value with the passage of time. Fitzgerald's uncertainty as a writer is that of his time. As he said himself, the society about which he wrote had no norm, no standard which was not perpetually shifting. His stories seem to centre on a momentarily arrested flux. Yet he can extract an advantage from this disadvantage, as in 'May Day', which stretches in a shortish compass of words across a remarkably wide and moving panorama of New York in 1919. Fitzgerald is an unobtrusively but intensely personal writer; his diffident, sensuous style seems to me oddly reminiscent of Hawthorne at times. But his pity and nostalgia are clear of sentiment, and give the best of these stories a sharp and sensitive outline, like that of a Modigliani drawing. Even the slightly magaziney perfume which lingers round one or two of them has now acquired a certain charm. The contents of *Borrowed Time* should be new to most readers, and it is reasonable to doubt whether a better collection of short stories will appear this year.

Arrow to the Heart is a simple narrative of personal experience—a deeply painful and nauseating experience remembered in tranquillity. Its author is a German protestant pastor, and as such he here gives an account, a single instance, of the pastoral duties he had to perform during the war. While serving with the German army in the Ukraine in 1942 he is called to a neighbouring unit to minister to a soldier under sentence of death for desertion. The book is not a documentary or autobiographical fragment. The detail—that of the author's night in his room studying the condemned man's papers, resuming an obscure lifetime backwards from death sentence to birth, that of the last moments in the cell when the soldier, ten minutes before death, 'seized my hands and whispered "What good, warm hands you have"'—all this has something more than local, factual truth, a rare quality in any kind of war narrative. In most such cases writers are hopelessly at grips with the universal, or just as hopelessly cramped by circumstantial odds. In *Arrow to the Heart*, even the background and the minor figures have a touch of the quality that transcends local meaning. True, there are hints here and there of a peculiarly Germanic form of uplift, of the kind of spiritual levitation which even the greatest German writers, even Goethe and Rilke have been tempted to practise. But modesty is the real essence of this brief record. Maybe the irony of history will ensure that it finds a place in the annals next to *Le Silence de la Mer*.

The Broken Root is an unexpected instance of just the kind of novel in which the author is worsted by his material. It belongs to the literature of exile, like the novels of Silone with which

it shares a common intention. It is an account of a Spanish republican who chooses to exile himself at the end of the war with Franco rather than wait to be shot. He returns to Spain in 1949, with a British passport, to meet the family he has not seen in twelve years. The author tells us in a note that while the characters are his own invention, 'the details of the Spanish background, and the episodes outside the plot of the book are true to fact and open to proof'. Is it because they are open to proof that they have so little conviction? There are far too many episodes outside the plot, and a novel cannot simply be made out of information. This novel is used as a guide to present-day conditions in Spain. Every character is roped in for the purpose. If the hero gets lost in Madrid he comes to himself among the now notorious cave-dwellers, whose conditions are exposed in documentary detail. Similar devices are repeated throughout. Fact and fiction are carefully mixed, but they never coalesce. As a picture of Madrid, today, I do not question the factual details, but I am certain that this novel is a most unsuitable contrivance for presenting them. It is all experience at second-hand, and has nothing of the authentic colour and vigour of Barea's personal records.

William Sansom has always been given to the flamboyant gesture. In fact his writing has been a series of such gestures. He seems to approach the task in the spirit of a conjuror. I suppose the reader's reaction must depend on how far he is hypnotised by this approach. For myself I can only say that obviousness of intention usually defeats the effect. I find it difficult to relate the conjuror's behaviour to the trick he is going to perform. In his newest work, Sansom makes the gesture of writing a smart, modern, efficiently cynical novel. The publishers mention Maugham, but Maupassant would do as well, or better. *The Face of Innocence* is a roman à trois, its heroine, Eve, a pathological liar. The type is not nearly so extraordinary as the author seems to believe. He discloses Eve's secret vice, with all the éclat of surprise, about a hundred pages after the reader has grown a little more than tired of it. As a version of the eternal feminine Eve is as stale as a novelette could make her, and the hearty types who surround her are of the kind one meets so often in fiction but never in fact. Can it be that they have died out, or did they ever exist outside the fiction-writer's manual? An author, a pseudo-self, is employed as narrator, and is reduced by the device to all the contortions of a peeping-tom; but it enables Mr. Sansom, when he is not touching in his backgrounds, to descend on the importance and boredom of being an Author, and on the Questions People Ask. On the whole, *The Face of Innocence* is best read as an essay in self-deception. It offers the spectacle of the novelist enthusiastically pulling the wool over his own eyes, while the astonished reader can only look on, undeluded.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

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TELEVISION*

'The Passing Show'

RADIO, WITH ITS SCRAPBOOKS, has always been at its best in nostalgia, and now television, in 'The Passing Show', with a script by Rex Rienits, looks like being equally good. This series of five programmes has been conceived on a large scale, and it may be some time before it appears whether the use of four people of different social backgrounds through whose eyes is seen the development of theatrical business is justified. Something simpler might have been more immediate in effect. At the moment one of the characters, a young Welsh Labour leader who gets into Parliament in 1906, has no apparent connection with the theatre. He serves, however, to mark the social and political changes of the years between 1900 and 1910; and it is useful to be thus reminded that the theatre ought not to be divorced from life.

Curiously enough, the actual theatrical content of this opening instalment—'1900-1910: The Years of Plenty'—suggests precisely the opposite. The first decade of the century was the great period of Shaw, Galsworthy and Granville-Barker, men with social consciences acutely developed, who deployed their feelings, theories and convictions into the plays they wrote. Not a breath of these plays comes into 'The Passing Show'. Not only is there no reference to 'Man and Superman', to 'Strife', to 'The Madras House', there is no reference to any straight play whatever. The emphasis is wholly on musicals.

There are easily appreciable reasons for this. A brief snatch of song more satisfactorily epitomises the total effect of a musical comedy than a couple of lines of dialogue does a play. Music, moreover, is more emotionally charged than is the dramatist's prose. Tanner's cry, 'Is there a father's heart as well as a mother's?' is

alien to the musical taste of the Palladium gallery screaming in ecstasy at the wild noises of some fat and sweating Negro. Its gentle, sentimental melodies strike the hearts of viewers over fifty, but I doubt if they mean anything at all to those born after the first world war. The same is true of all the pieces represented in 'The Passing Show': 'Florodora', 'Our Miss Gibbs', songs like 'Put Me Amongst the Girls', have no present life. Their meaning has evaporated, except for the middle-aged.

But the drama of the years 1900 to 1910 is still vigorous. It is known to, and appreciated by, thousands of young people to whom 'No, No Nanette' is only a rumour out of the historic past. That cry of Tanner's, though only a broken end of dialogue in itself, would have a pretty good chance of awaking an echo in the minds of a considerable proportion of viewers of all ages. Nothing could be more reasonable than to suppose that the young Welshman, lively, intelligent, good-humoured, and progressive in politics, would have been an *habitué* of the Court Theatre during the great days of Barker and Vedrenne, when all established usage and convention was wittily or passionately arraigned in plays that are still read and admired. Yet, on the

solitary occasion on which he desires entertainment, he is sent to a music hall. I cannot help feeling that here is an opportunity missed.

These, however, are scruples of the conscience. The first instalment of 'The Passing Show' was, in my opinion, hugely enjoyable, full of clever little touches (as when a small boy hastily



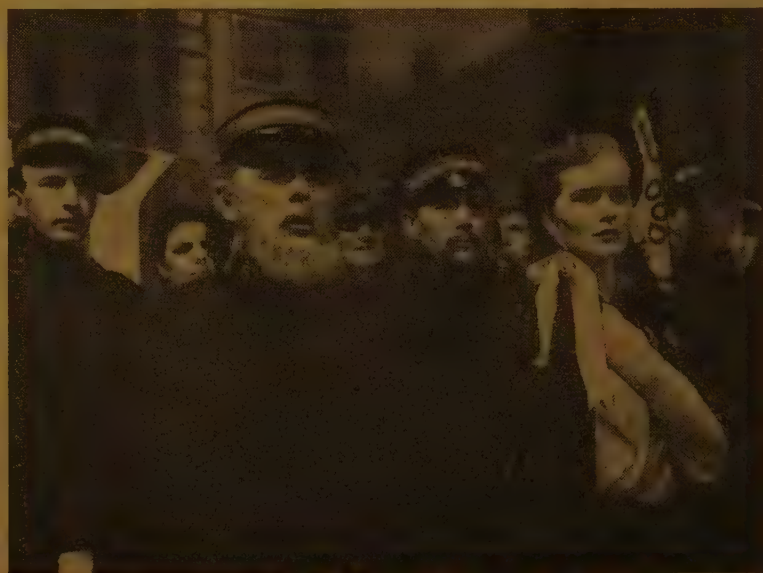
'The Passing Show': the number 'Tell me, Pretty Maiden', from 'Florodora'

almost meaningless except in the entire context of the play, but a chorus from 'The Quaker Girl' or 'The Arcadians' recalls to many people a whole vanished age.

Yet there is something to be said on the other side. Except for an occasional revival, 'The Quaker Girl' is forgotten. Its style is altogether



Scene from the televised version of Shakespeare's 'King Henry V': the King (Clement McCallin) on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt. The play was performed twice, on April 22 and April 26



'Shout Aloud Salvation', specially written for television and given on April 15 and 19: left to right, front, Captain Elijah Cadman (Lewis Casson), Lovelace Dashworth (Leslie Dwyer), and Captain Janine Mayhew (Virginia McKenna)

* Mr. Harold Hobson in this article covers a fortnight's plays and other entertainments. Next week Mr. Reginald Pound will write on a fortnight's outside broadcasts and programmes of an informative character

gobbles a final helping of jelly before dashing off to the pantomime). It is well acted, and well presented, and altogether gives as pleasant an evening before the television screen as one could wish for.

Royston Morley's production of 'Henry V' began with an example of infuriating cleverness. Shakespeare's 'wooden O' was changed into 'studio', a purely verbal ingenuity which immediately made the performance seem self-conscious. Nor was Marius Goring, as Chorus, happily inspired. He spoke his lines with the special honeyed voice, dripping with beauty and awe, that is unfortunately often associated with poetry. There was none of this nonsense about Clement McCallin's Henry. Here was a fine, robust, manly, and plain-spoken king, and the rhetoric of the part rang firmly in our ears. Generally speaking, the production was satisfactory, though the soldiers at the Battle of Agincourt looked just like a number of studio hands pushing and shoving.

HAROLD HOBSON

BROADCAST DRAMA

A Week We'll Forget

THE IDEA OF GIVING a whole Third Programme week to an 1851 mood must have been very tiresome, before it was over, to those licence holders who listen doggedly. As far as my official listening went, however, it was far less of a bore than it threatened to be. Several items were amusing—one of them, 'Box and Cox', as I briefly intimated last week, going so well upon the air that one wondered if quite a number of other vaudevilles, undistinguished in themselves, no doubt, might not occasionally be brought out to fill the gaps. Anyhow, a radio play which only lasts twenty-five minutes, unless indeed it be a matinee play, is generally a welcome bird.

'The Lady of Lyons', about the only important new native play in England in the middle of the century—marking, say some, the nadir from which we gradually recovered via Forbes-Robertson's 'Caste'—was, I am ashamed to say, a gap in my experience of the living theatre. As I had always wanted to hear it, it was nice to have the wish cured. But what a pity not to do it a little slowly and seriously. Obviously the illustrious players who at various times incarnated the celebrated roles would not have done so did they not repay star acting. Behind the haste, near-mockery and general precipitation of the performance, one could hear their scandalised ghosts protesting; and the author, too, making himself felt. What if, after all, this were something more than romantic tushery, something not all unbeautiful, if played with a beautiful sincerity? (I think Godfrey Kenton felt this and would, given the space, have done honestly by Claude's great chances.)

But the legitimate theatrical taste of our time is twenty or thirty years out of date and whereas the lyric theatre and the ballet have moved on to a point where the sentiments in vogue in 1840-50 (say, 'Giselle' and Verdi's 'Ernani') can be taken quite seriously, our dramatic pundits are still busy 'de-bunking' along of G.B.S. and Lytton Strachey. So Bulwer Lytton's piece had to reach us with a faintly supercilious smile, just as the week before we had been bidden, undergraduates or not, to have a jolly good smirk at Mrs. Hemans.

All of which leads me to animadvert on the danger of house or private jokes. When a don's wife asks you to dine and the cork won't come out of the sauce bottle and she says 'Say not the struggle nought availeth', the laugh is not necessarily on Clough. It is funny—yes, but in a private way. It would not be funny on the platform—nor would it be said. Just because the

radio is apparently a private, or at least intimate, medium, I believe it is a mistake to use specialised private humour. The Third Programme is sometimes in danger in this respect. The Light Programme is so constantly—sickeningly, if I may say so. It is almost impossible to listen to five or six of the big serial laugh-shows without having to hear personal and semi-private jokes about the obesity of this producer or the baldness of that bandsman. However, this is by the way. Before I leave mention of the Third Programme dive into the past, I should add that the Macready feature was most interesting and free from superior smiles.

For some listeners, for example, those who took in both the Stratford 'Richard II', which was admirable, and the repeat of the now almost legendary and opulent 'Moby Dick', the week was indeed one to remember also.

'Release from Pain', an instantly attractive title for a feature, had me listening delightedly right from the start about the lady who thought both her ear-rings pinched when in fact she had only one on, down to other and stranger phenomena. But O Mrs. Pain there is pain you wot not of, the death in the afternoon, the sloshing about among the unrehearsed, ineffable Madahms and Monsewers of the matinee muse. From these, who shall deliver us? Television perhaps. Meanwhile, having been captious about the last Pain programme, I am glad to record my testimonial in favour of release from pain; and now, what about pleasure, or will that involve us too deeply with listener research and the censorship?

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

1851-1951

IT IS ONE of the B.B.C.'s chief functions to provide conducted tours not only in the more accessible territories of time and space but also in the realms of imagination and conjecture. For the most part they are of the kind known as lightning tours—there and back in a matter of twenty minutes or half an hour—so that the refreshed and bewildered listener may 'put a girdle round about the earth', if not, like Puck, 'in forty minutes', at least in a week. There are also those serial tours, like the one to Pakistan just completed under the stimulating guidance of Julian Duguid, or, less recently, that trip to 'The Twenties', in which by a series of visits at intervals of perhaps a week, we gain a deeper and wider knowledge of the place or period explored.

But last week was, as far as I know, the first occasion on which a whole Service (in this case the Third Programme) was devoted throughout a whole week to resuscitating a single period, and that period no more than a single year. This was concentration indeed and the impression produced was proportionately concentrated.

The first and most striking impression I received was of the gulf that separates us from the Early Victorians. Their outlook, their manner of expressing themselves, their notions of reasoned argument, of what is important and what superficial in criticism—how astonishingly different they are from ours! The first effect of this impression is a gratifying sense of superiority, but reflection suggests some uncomfortable doubts. Isn't it quite on the cards that some at least of our most confident and securely based arguments and pronouncements will seem, a hundred years hence, a little shaky, just a trifle off the target?

Among the Victorians to whom I listened were Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, the Brownings, Carlyle, Ruskin, Peacock and the Duke of Wellington, and if they had been our contemporaries I would have had some pretty sharp

remarks to pass on some of them. Neither Robert Browning nor George Eliot, for example, showed the smallest sense of what a broadcast talk should be. Browning, in discussing 'The Objective and the Subjective Poet', presented his argument so elaborately and in such abstract terms that I was quite unable to co-ordinate the highly interesting ideas that fell from his lips, while those enormous and orotund periods in which George Eliot delivered her views on a book by a Mr. Mackay, kept me in a fever of anxiety, as the dependent clauses multiplied themselves, lest we should never reach the further bank where the final clinching phrase had long since given up expecting us. And indeed with any less skilful reader than Cathleen Nesbitt we would have arrived only in a state of total confusion.

In fact I had constantly to remind myself that of all the readings I listened to, only one was intended for broadcasting, namely Kingsley's sermon on 'The Fount of Science', preached in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on May 4, 1851. The rest were written for the eye, and I don't doubt that, received through the eye, the excerpt from Browning would have been richly rewarding. But not that particular review of George Eliot's. It would have lain very heavy on the stomach even when served in silent print. As for Kingsley, it was noticeable how much more mature he was in thought and language as a preacher than as a critic. His sermon was fine stuff; his review of volumes of verse by Mrs. Browning, Beddoes and the young Meredith, written in the same year, was merely so-so. Ruskin, on the other hand, defending the Pre-Raphaelites in *The Times*, quite evidently wrote for the yet-uninvented wireless. And there, in mid-flight, I must stop, with no space left to praise some excellent readings.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

The Pilgrim's Progress

I MAKE NO EXCUSE for devoting this column entirely to the discussion of Vaughan Williams' new opera, the most important musical event of the year so far and a noble prelude to the Festival, to which it may well be the finest contribution in the field of art.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* has long exercised a powerful influence upon Vaughan Williams' mind. We are inclined to be decently shy of discussing the personal beliefs of living men, but it may surely be said, without a breach of good taste, that one characteristic which stands out in Vaughan Williams' music is its religious inspiration. It is the utterance of a mind firm in its beliefs and not merely comprehending the moral distinction between right and wrong, but possessed of a mystical faith as deeply held as Bunyan's and as little concerned with the orthodox dogmas of the churches.

It is important to appreciate this aspect of the composer's personality, when considering the dramatic composition he has made of Bunyan's Allegory. For this is, in the ordinary meaning of the word, no more an opera than 'Job' was a ballet. He calls it a 'Morality', linking it with the dramatic performances, designed to edify and instruct, given by the pre-Reformation Church. It is of no use, therefore, to expect of this work the high dramatic tension and emotional thrills usually associated with opera. We are to witness, as in the first part of 'The Dream of Gerontius' but presented in a musical idiom as different from Elgar's as Bunyan's religion differed from the Roman Catholic, the progress of a normal man, *l'homme moyen sensuel* with all his weaknesses and temptations, from this world to salvation in that which is to come.

Such a theme expressed in the language of

the seventeenth century does not admit of conventional operatic treatment, and even imposed a simple and straightforward musical style, which seems to have laid the composer open to the charge of lacking enterprise and failing in invention. It was only to be expected that, confronted with a work so unlike what is normally to be heard at Covent Garden, hard-boiled Worldly Wiseman, young Shallow Wit and old Crab should shake their heads and whisper sneers behind their hands. But for anyone who has an ear for beauty and can comprehend, even if he may not share, a firmly held religious conviction, this was a spiritual experience such as comes rarely in the history of art.

The score is simple and direct even for a

composer who has never gone in for ingenuity for its own sake. His long voyage of musical exploration, passing through such dark and forbidding valleys as that depicted in the Fourth Symphony, has brought him at last to a landscape as serene as that of Bunyan's Delectable Mountains. The music progresses easily at what would, perhaps, be too uniform a pace, were it not also so uniformly beautiful in effect. It is the ideal medium on which to float the vivid, straightforward prose of Bunyan and of the translators of the Bible. Variety is provided by the episodes—let us admit the episodic nature of the work—of Apollyon, Vanity Fair, and the ridiculous Mr. By-Ends. Apollyon and his train of dismal creatures were admirably presented on

the stage, but here the music seemed rather too tame to match the horror and menace of their appearance. A touch of the violence of the Fourth Symphony would have been in keeping.

The performance had the simple dignity so necessary in a work of this kind and so difficult to secure, and the cast, led by Arnold Matters who played the part of Pilgrim with conviction and sang it excellently, all entered into the spirit of the work. So occasional faults due to imperfect acquaintance with the music mattered little. The spirit of the work was secure, and the young conductor, Leonard Hancock, kept his own head and held the music firmly, if at times too anxiously, to its course.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

English Music in the Fifteenth Century

By DENIS STEVENS

Another concert in this Third Programme series will be broadcast at 7.0 p.m. on Tuesday, May 8

THE listener who tends to think of John Dunstable as the greatest English musician of the fifteenth century is not very far wrong. For this century of turmoil, which almost encompassed the death of Chaucer and the birth of Wyatt, is slow to give up its secrets. Much of the music is anonymous, and many of the musicians appear to us less as persons than as shadowy, remote personalities, hemmed in by court and cloister. Their musical legacies, flecked with red and gold, are few and far to seek, and until we can assess the number that perished during and after the suppression of the monasteries, Dunstable's rivals and followers must remain in silent obscurity.

His immediate predecessors are better known to us, and the most famous of them belong to the group of Chapel Royal clerks who completed the Old Hall manuscript, so called because it was acquired during the nineteenth century by the trustees of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, near Ware. Its place of origin was probably Windsor, where two canons named Thomas Dacet and Nicholas Sturgeon not only contributed to it but also supervised its compilation. Besides these two, there were twenty others, not all of them connected with Windsor, who offered motets and settings of the Ordinary of the Mass. It must be stressed that these settings were in no way related to one another musically: the principle of unification shown in Machaut's Mass (c. 1360) was not adopted for many decades, and this is true of the continent as well as of England. In the Old Hall manuscript, the settings are largely grouped together under the four main sections of the Ordinary—Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus. The Kyrie is not represented, since it was customary to sing this invocation to one of the many plainchants available.

Nothing more than simple mathematics is needed to demonstrate the kaleidoscopic variety of combinations afforded by the Old Hall grouping. Yet had these sections been composed after the manner of the cyclic Mass, there would scarcely have been enough music to last for a month, assuming that a different composition would be used every day. It is therefore only fair to credit the venerable canons with common as well as musical sense, for the days which knew no printing prized good writing, and used it to the very maximum. Occasionally certain sections seem to belong to one another, on internal evidence alone, and it may be more than coincidental that three such pairs appear to be the work of Leonel Power.

Power, like Dunstable (who was his junior by ten years or more) travelled to Europe, and many of his most mature compositions are

found in the University Library and the Liceo Musicale in Bologna. He did not leave England, however, before making a fine reputation for himself as a composer in his native town of Canterbury and at the Chapel Royal. Considering the difficulties of travel in those days, when it took ten days to get from London to Warwick, it is surprising that there was so much give and take between the musicians of widely separated districts and countries. The rapid comfort of modern air travel gives no such opportunity to absorb influences, and the result is that modern British composers are not only far more insular than their fifteenth-century forebears, they are also far less understood by the majority of continental audiences. This is a far cry from the tribute of the Burgundian poet who, in an oft-quoted quatrain, tells of the desire of his most eminent musical colleagues to follow in the footsteps of Dunstable. This same poet has, unfortunately, been consistently misquoted as saying that the English composers played at the court of Burgundy. The word *aveugles* was misread as *anglais*, and the praise was given to us which should have been given to the blind hurdy-gurdy players.

It is a fascinating pastime to track down these wandering musical scholars, and to find their names altered or disguised as they moved across France and into Italy. John Pyamour, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, appears in a Modena manuscript as 'Priamor', and his successor John Plummer as 'Polumier'. John Aleyn of London is none other than Johannes Alanus of Chantilly, and he was lucky to have his name so carefully remembered. Many of his fellow-musicians were simply called 'Anglicanus' or 'de Anglia' for want of more specific appellation.

Practically the entire repertoire of early fifteenth-century English music is affected by these artistic cross-currents. The close connection between England and France gave rise to the enthusiastic adoption of isorhythmic technique in one seventh of the total number of pieces in the Old Hall manuscript, and in a great number of compositions by Dunstable and Power which are preserved in Trent, Bologna and Modena. Side by side with this structural device, so strongly redolent of French logic, there are freely-composed motets and Mass sections in so-called ballade style, with the treble assuming greater importance than the tenor. Often these free treble parts were thinly, but nevertheless cleverly, disguised plainsong melodies, and in most cases they called for skilled professional interpretation. Indeed, there was precious little room for the amateur musician in the fifteenth century, and even less for the

hybrid semi-professional. Either you knew music or you didn't, and if you didn't you kept quiet and admired those who did.

Music was written down in black notation, an anomalous term which also included red and blue notes, the appropriate pigment or ink being transferred to a vellum leaf. When paper became available, it was found that the heavy black ligatures had a habit of showing through the reverse side of the sheet, and in order to save both paper and ink scribes began to leave only the outlines of the notes, without filling them in. It is a great mistake to think of the music of previous ages as tame, lame, or shameful. Many lost subtleties have only recently come to be appreciated again, after sleeping on through countless editions whose unreduced note-values give more the impression of a monumental graveyard than a monument of music. These frigid, unreduced successions of longs, breves, and semibreves, when quartered so as to become semibreves, minims and crotchets respectively, appear more natural and eloquent to the singers and conductors of today. Yet the antiquarian method of transcription still prevails in certain foreign editions. In one of these, the wheel almost turned full circle when the publishers decided to have special punches cut in imitation of the diamond-headed notes of the original manuscript.

But the fifteenth century, rightly or wrongly interpreted, is not entirely solemn, as Walter Pater would have it. Many fine carols and secular songs are extant, and one well-known drinking-song, 'O potores exquisiti', is every bit as reliant on the technique of isorhythm as the Mass sections which antedate it by two or three decades. Composers, far from being hampered by deeply-rooted customs, were usually only too glad to make use of them, and to improve upon them wherever they could. The carols had either English or Latin texts, or both; and this macaronic feature was no more inconsistent to the ears of the later, and unfortunately anonymous, composers of the century than was the double motet text of the earlier generation. It may well be borne in mind that the operas of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries often employ polytextuality in a first-act finale, and the inaudibility of the words has no disastrous or disagreeable effect upon the music. Musicians who flourished during the reigns of Richard II and Henry V (both musical monarchs) put the music first, and thought of the text as a useful and necessary ally. Their melodies still have a gracious span, and their harmonies have scarcely been bettered in five hundred years of musical progress.

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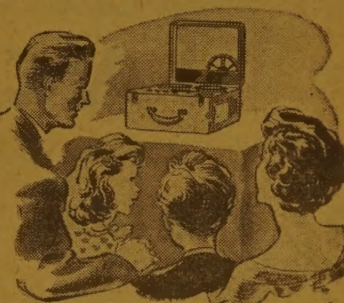


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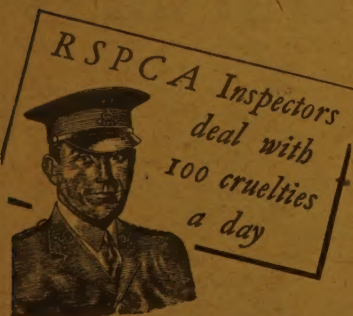


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Recipes for the Housewife

COLD GOOSE FOR A PARTY

MY PARTY was to take place on Friday evening, so I bought the goose on Wednesday. After supper that evening I put the goose breast downwards on the kitchen table so that the back was facing up towards me, drew my short, very sharp and inflexible preparing knife firmly along the backbone and proceeded to remove the goose-flesh, in one piece, off the bones. I had never boned poultry before, but it was a clean and neat job, and took roughly 20 minutes. I then had all the goose-flesh in one piece free of the carcase, and it was quite easy to take the skin away from the flesh.

I made a moderate amount of forcemeat with bread crumbs, suet, grated lemon rind, about 1 teaspoon of fresh chopped sage, about a quarter of a clove of garlic crushed with some salt, freshly ground black pepper, and the yolk of an egg and a little milk to bind it all together. I spread the forcemeat, rather thinly, on the goose-flesh which I had laid flat on the table, and then I rolled it up like a round of beef, and skewered the sides with a wooden skewer. I wrapped the goose skin all round and over the rolled goose and tied it up with string into a neat parcel.

On Thursday evening I roasted the rolled goose and kept it well basted. I made a potato salad with shallots, then I started on the marmalade of prunes. The prunes had been in soak for 24 hours and I cooked them in a mixture of cold water and weak China tea. They should be cooked in claret, but I cannot afford to do that. If you can get neither claret nor China tea, I suggest a piece of orange rind. As well as the liquid I put in a small piece of vanilla pod and I let the prunes simmer, with the lid on, for nearly 2 hours. At the end of this time I took the stones away and rubbed the prunes through a sieve. I mixed this prune pulp with most of the juice which I had left in the pan, and put the marmalade in the dish in which it was to be served into the larder to settle.

The next evening, Friday, I took the string off the goose and removed some of the skin, and put the large roll on a dish. I made a plain green salad—lettuce only—and prepared an oil and tarragon vinegar dressing. Six of us had delicious cold roast goose and all the other things I have mentioned, and we also had crisp French bread which I had zipped up in the oven, coffee afterwards and some fudge bought on the sweet ration.

On Sunday evening five of us ate more of the goose. Even after this there was enough for two people on Monday. I had the stock from the goose carcase, and on the Tuesday I made a risotto for four of us. We had red cabbage with it which I had cooked in a casserole with very little margarine, vinegar, water, brown sugar, a pinch of ground cloves, a large chopped cooking apple and a sprinkle of caraway seeds. There were four of us to that meal. So you see that the goose, for which I had paid 22s. 6d., provided seventeen good meals and was not really an extravagance.

PRIMROSE HUBBARD

CHEESE NOODLE LOAF

Noodles are made from the same mixture as macaroni or spaghetti, only they are not round but flat like ribbon. They are boiled in the same way, in salted water, but for only about 5 minutes. I prefer noodles for this recipe myself, but you can, if you wish, use spaghetti or macaroni. For 3 people you need:

- 4 oz. of grated dry cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk
- 2 eggs
- a small grated onion (about 1 tablespoon)
- $\frac{3}{4}$ pint measure of cooked noodles
- 2 tablespoons of thick tomato sauce
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of made mustard
- salt and pepper
- 2 oz. of melted butter or margarine

Beat the eggs in a large basin until they are

frothy. Add the melted margarine or butter, then the milk. Season with salt and pepper. Add the grated cheese and onion, and mix well. Then stir in the noodles until the mixture is evenly blended.

Well grease a 2-lb. loaf tin. Pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for 50 minutes to 1 hour. A knife put in the centre should come out clean when the loaf is done. Leave for a few moments to allow the loaf to shrink a little from sides of the tin; then run a palette knife round the edge, and turn on to a hot dish.

Mix the mustard with the tomato sauce, put into a small saucepan and heat gently. Pour this down the centre of the cheese loaf. If you can spare it, garnish the dish with a hard-boiled egg cut in slices. With a green vegetable or salad this is a complete dinner for 3 people.

GLADYS MANN

Some of Our Contributors

P. B. COLLINS (page 691): Agricultural Officer to the Festival of Britain

BENEGAL SHIVA RAO (page 701): Indian correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* and New Delhi correspondent of *The Hindu* of Madras

U AUNG MIN (page 702): Chief Executive Officer of the Mass Education Council, Government of the Union of Burma

NOEL ANNAN (page 703): Fellow and Lecturer in Economics and Politics, King's College, Cambridge

MARGARET KNIGHT (page 705): Lecturer in Psychology, Aberdeen University

J. E. NEALE (page 707): Astor Professor of English History, London University, since 1927; author of *Queen Elizabeth, The Elizabethan Political Scene, The Elizabethan House of Commons*, etc.

JOAN WOODWARD (page 709): Head of the Industrial Studies Section, School of Social Sciences, Liverpool University

Crossword No. 1,096.

Dome of Discovery.

By Jee

Solution of No. 1,094

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, May 10

While putting the finishing touches on the Dome of Discovery at the Festival of Britain Exhibition the foreman had sixteen men working on the top of the Dome. Assuming that the Dome formed part of the surface of a sphere and taking the centre of that sphere as the origin the foreman discovered that the position of each man could be represented by positive integral co-ordinates.

The lights in brackets are these co-ordinates. Thus

$$(1-1)^2 + (E+2)^2 + F^2 = 1^2 + a^2 + H^2 = \dots = e^2$$

No numbers in the solution begin with 0. Across clues are represented by capital letters, and down clues by small letters. The same number is always clued in the same way. The radius of the sphere is given by e, and the points are so arranged below that the x co-ordinates are in ascending order of magnitude.

1. (1-1, E+2, F).
2. (1, a, H).
3. (G, j, e-3).
4. (J, J, Q).
5. (J, L, R+1).
6. (J, q, n).
7. (M, E+2, C).
8. (h, g, K).
9. (j, i, k).
10. (E, P, N).
11. (E+2, r, m).
12. (c-2, B, R+1).
13. (c-2, A, d).
14. (c, b, b).
15. (a, a, p).
16. (g, E, D).



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Prize winners:
R. P. Bolton (Pren-
ton); J. J. Holloway
(London, W.1);
A. Law (New
Malden); Canon B.
F. Relton (Gilling-
ham); J. Thomas
(Bangor)

B	A	S	E	D	F	A	T	E	D
A	W	A	R	E	A	M	I	D	E
S	E	N	S	E	R	E	D	A	N
E	D	G	E	D	E	N	E	M	Y
O	P	I	N	E	A	N	O	D	E
P	A	T	E	N	D	A	V	I	D
A	R	E	A	D	A	V	I	E	D
L	A	M	P	S	T	E	D	D	Y

NOTES

(420) Browning: 'Apparent Failure'. (440) A(VI)D. (442) do it. (444) ne(w ide)a. (501) b(ased). (503) Genesis 14. 18. (506) 2 Timothy 4. 10. (509) e(v)a(de al)t(og)ether. (512) Lear II. iv. 124. (514) Byron: 'Childe Harold'. IV. lviii. (522) ba(se Erse) (524) Hiawatha, Introduction. (537) Pope, 'Rape of the Lock', iii. 90. (541) un(p)aid ed(j)ibles. (542) r(id)ed. (547) ba(.). Jd.

LIST OF ANSWERS

(DIAGRAM WORDS IN CAPITALS)

(401-449) BASE, Safe, FARE, Area, PARA, Proa, OPAL, Plan, NEAP, Near, Ream, EDAM, Dane, NAVE, Wave, AWED, Fade, Fame, AMEN, Sane, SANG, Song, Dons, ENDS, Seed, ERSE, Feer, Feed, DEED, Dule, Dunc, DENY, Drey, Redd, DIED, Dime, ITEM, Iuma, ADIT, Avid, OVID, Doit, TIDE, Wide, Dewy, EDDY, Dead, Bead, BASE, (501-547) BASED, Lades, Salem, LAMPS, Damps, Demas, AMIDE, Ideal, Dealt, FATED, Feast, Paste, PATEN, Dante, ANODE, Dione, OPINE, Peony, Moven, ENEMY, Mense, SENSE, Seers, Reeds, Sedg, EDGED, Dreed, Adder, AREAD, AWARE, Water, Rated, REDAN, Dewan, Edwin, Wived, IVIED, Livid, Valid, DAVID, Aided, Tided, TEDDY, Nedly, Bendy, Bayed, BASED.

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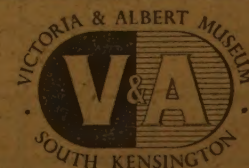
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